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# BAT MAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor  
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## JERRY AND THE PONY EXPRESS

By Sanford Tousey.

Living on a ranch meant a pretty rough life for a little boy in the days when the only way to travel was by horse or stagecoach:

Jerry was a fine horseman himself and he loved horses.

When the first Pony Express rider came through with the fast mail, Jerry was there to welcome him. Sometimes, he even helped with the horses, which the riders changed at the station.

He made friends with the riders, too.

Soon they began to bring in news of trouble with the Indians. And then, one day, the Indians did attack the express station, stealing the horses.

Then it was that Jerry offered his own precious pony to the Express Rider.

But Jerry's ambition to be a Pony Express rider himself was never realized; for when the telegraph came through there was no need for riding the mail.

But by that time Jerry was grown up enough to be happy that he could be a good cowboy on the western range.

This book is full of pictures and action.

Ask for it at your library. You're bound to enjoy it.



### SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

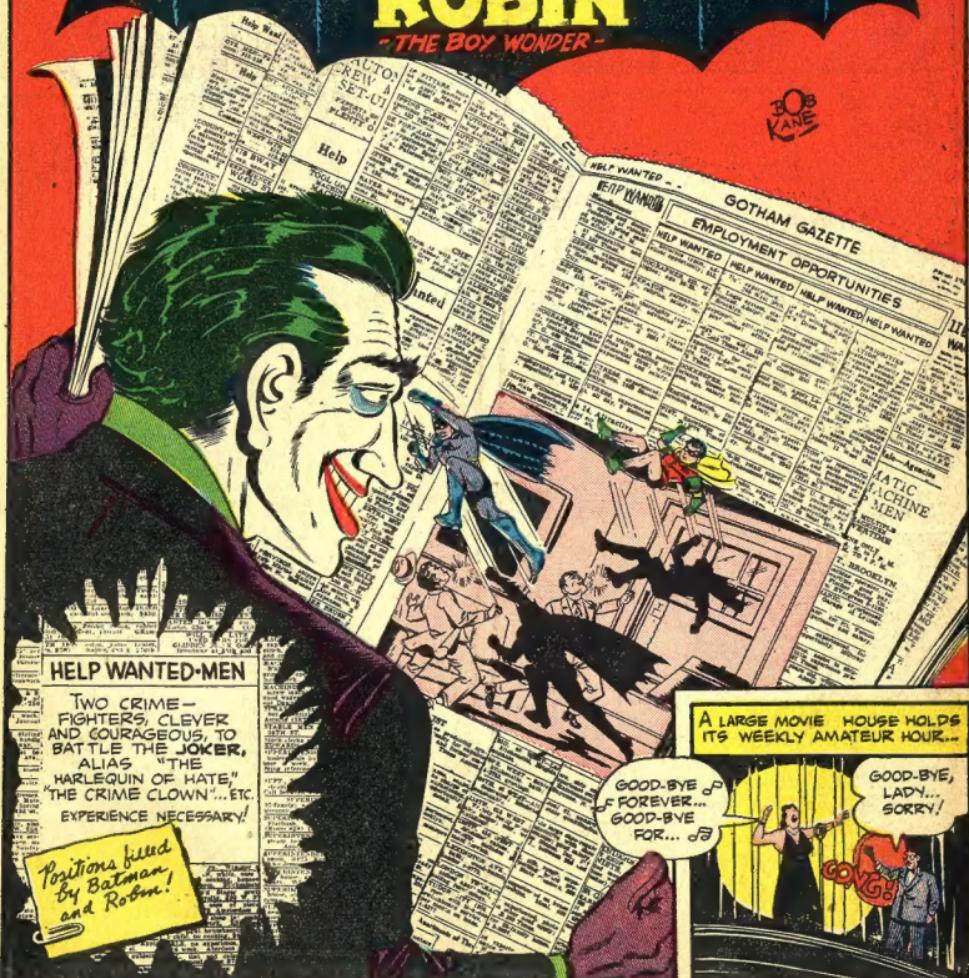
(Code Pluto No. 8)

ATIX I RIX EQBP I LMNMVAM ABIUX!

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

BOB  
KANE



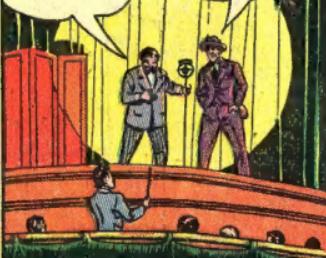
THE SECOND CONTESTANT  
GIVES HIS IMPRESSION OF  
A FAMOUS COMEDIAN!



ANOTHER CANDIDATE!

AND NOW  
YOU, SIR...  
WHAT'S  
YOUR  
SPECIALTY?

I DO AN  
IMITATION  
OF...THE  
JOKER!



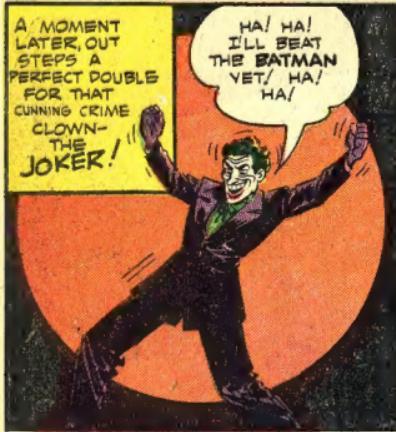
BEHIND A SCREEN, THE  
MAN BUSIES HIMSELF WITH  
MAKEUP

WELL, FOLKS, I GUESS  
YOU'D BETTER PREPARE  
YOURSELVES FOR A  
SCARE! WE'RE GOING  
TO SEE THE  
JOKER...SER!



A MOMENT  
LATER, OUT  
STEPS A  
PERFECT DOUBLE  
FOR THAT  
CUNNING CRIME  
CLOWN—  
THE  
JOKER!

HA! HA!  
I'LL BEAT  
THE BATMAN  
YET! HA/  
HA!



HERE'S YOUR  
PRIZE ... FOR A  
GREAT IMPERSONATION!  
I ALMOST BELIEVED  
YOU WERE THE  
JOKER! WELL, NOW  
YOU CAN REMOVE  
THAT MAKEUP!

...BUT  
I CAN'T...



...THE OTHER  
WAS MAKEUP—  
THIS IS MY  
REAL FACE...  
FOR I ACTUALLY  
AM THE  
JOKER!  
HA! HA!  
HA!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE BUSY  
GYMNASIUM OF BRUCE WAYNE  
AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON!

GET IT, NOW?  
LEFT UPPERCUT  
FIRST...AND  
THEN FOLLOW  
WITH A RIGHT-  
CROSS!

GOLLY...  
I COULDN'T  
EVEN SEE  
THAT,  
ONE!

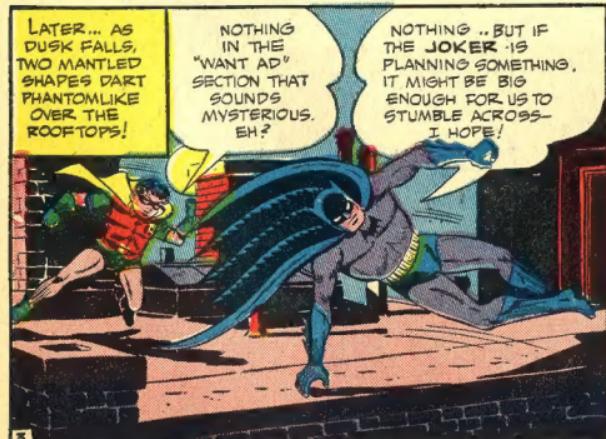


SUDDENLY, A STARTLING  
ANNOUNCEMENT PULLS  
BRUCE OFF GUARD... BUT  
DICK IS TOO INTENT AND  
EAGER... AND—

WE INTERRUPT TO  
BRING YOU A SPECIAL  
ANNOUNCEMENT!  
THE JOKER HAS  
ESCAPED FROM  
JAIL!

HUH?





FROM ALL POINTS CONVERGE HANSOM CABS, HORSE-DRAWN BUSES AND TROLLEY CARS, TANDEM BICYCLES AND ANCIENT AUTOMOBILES—ALL VEHICLES OF A BYGONE ERA!



SUDDENLY, A CRY!... AND A TERRIBLY FAMILIAR LAUGH!



CRUISING POLICE CARS RACE FROM NEARBY SECTORS.



BUT THERE IS NO CLEAR PASSAGE ON THIS NARROW STREET CHOKED WITH THESE AGE-OLD, PONDEROUS, SLOW-MOVING VEHICLES...



ABOARD A ROARING MOTORCYCLE, THE JOKER WEAVES THRU THE TANGLED TRAFFIC...



A LUCKY SHOT BLASTS A TIRE...!



AND, AT THAT INSTANT, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN WHIP DOWNWARD IN SPECTACULAR AERIAL ASSAULT!



BUT THE  
RESOURCEFUL  
JOKER  
MOVES  
FAST!

BLAST YOU!  
MOVE! HA! HA!  
STIR YOUR  
STUMPS, THAT'S  
IT!



WELL NEVER  
CATCH  
HIM  
NOW!

WANT TO BET  
WE DO?  
SORRY, POP,  
BUT I'VE  
GOT TO  
BORROW  
THIS!



LIKE A SCENE  
FROM AN ERA  
GONE BY IS THIS  
MAD CHASE OF A  
TANDEM BICYCLE  
AFTER A HORSE-  
DRAWN BUS!

HEY,  
DO YOU  
SEE WHAT  
I SEE?

I CAN'T  
TELL YET  
TILL MY  
EYES POP BACK  
IN THEIR  
SOCKETS!



LEGS PUMPING LIKE  
PISTONS, THE DUO GRADUALLY  
CLOSES THE GAP AND...

COME  
TO  
POPPA!



CATLIKE, THE CRIME-FIGHTER  
PICKS HIS WAY OVER THE  
LURCHING BUS THAT TEARS  
ALONG AT A BONE-JARRING  
CLIP!



GET OFF!  
THIS BUS  
ISN'T TAKING  
ANY  
PASSENGERS!



WELL, YOU'VE  
GOT ONE  
NOW!



JOKER AND  
BATMAN  
CLASH AGAIN...  
ATOP THE  
SLOPING SLIPPERY  
ROOF OF A  
SWAYING,  
RATTLING  
BUS!

YOU...YOU DEVIL!  
HOW DID YOU  
EVER FIND ME?

ACCIDENTS  
WILL  
HAPPEN!

YES...AND  
ONE IS  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN  
TO YOU  
RIGHT NOW!  
HA! HA!

SUDDENLY ROBIN'S TIGHT LITTLE  
FRAME CATAPOULTS FROM THE  
"BIKE!"

AS HIS STRONG  
HANDS REIN  
THE GALLOPING  
HORSES, THE  
JOKER MAKES  
A STRATEGIC  
RETREAT!

NOT I!  
I'M JUST  
LEAVING!



DOWN INTO A SUBWAY RACES  
THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!

HEY,  
PUT IN  
YOUR  
NICKEL!

MY FRIEND  
BEHIND  
ME IS  
PAYING!

YOU  
WON'T  
MAKE IT,  
BATMAN!  
HA! HA!

DON'T FORGET  
TO PAY MY  
FARE, BATMAN!  
HA! HA!

I'LL PAY  
YOUR FARE  
SOON...TO  
ALCATRAZ!



Later...

THERE! THAT'S  
THE AD THAT  
DID THE TRICK  
FOR THE  
JOKER!

NEED  
VAN  
OLD  
VEHICLES  
FOR GAY  
NINETEEN  
MOVIE  
PICTURES WITH  
BIG PRICES  
PAID IN  
SHARPIN  
AT 5 P.M. ONLY!  
MAJOR  
PICTURES,  
68 MORRIS  
ST.

BY MAKING ALL THOSE OLD BUGGIES APPEAR AT THE SAME TIME, AND BY PURPOSELY PICKING A NARROW STREET, THE JOKER BLOCKED OFF ALL PURSUIT BY THE POLICE. 68 MORRIS STREET HAPPENS TO BE A STORE NEXT DOOR TO THE JEWELERS.

CLEVER, EH?

AND HOW  
I WONDER WHAT TRICK  
HE'S GOING  
TO PULL OUT  
OF HIS HAT  
NEXT?

THE NEXT DAY, THE TWO EAGERLY SCAN THE WANT ADS.

NO, NOT A  
THING HERE THAT  
SOUNDS  
SUSPICIOUS!  
AND DON'T  
FORGET,  
ANYTHING  
HERE MIGHT  
BE USED FOR  
CRIME IN SOME  
WAY... BUT HOW  
CAN WE PICK  
THE RIGHT ONE?

THE SAME AD IS READ BY THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE...

WANTED

POLICE TO KEEP AWAY CROWDS THAT WILL MOB THE PREMIERE PERFORMANCE OF PRESTO THE MAGICIAN AT THE GOTHAM THEATER!

HA! HA!  
HERE'S A WANT  
AD SWELL  
PUBLICITY  
STUNT FOR PRESTO,  
EH?

SAY ALMOST FORGOT!  
I'M GOING TO THAT SHOW, LINDA MAY  
PHONE IF SHE CAN MEET ME LATER, SO RELAY HER MESSAGE!

LOVE!  
AH, LOVE!

EVERYONE THINKS IT'S JUST PUBLICITY. EVEN THE BATMAN WON'T SUSPECT IT AS MY QUAINt WAY OF ADVERTISING ANOTHER CRIME! HA!  
HA!

Wealthy "FIRST NIGHTERS" ATTEND THE PREMIERE OF PRESTO, THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS MAGICIAN!

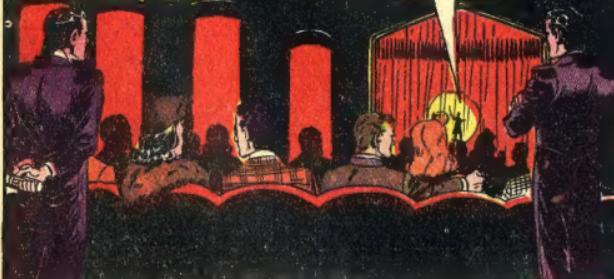
FOR MY FIRST TRICK, I WILL NEED SOME ASSISTANCE, AND SO WILL CHOOSE THREE LADIES FROM AMONG YOU...

AT THAT INSTANT, LINDA'S MESSAGE BRINGS DICK BEFORE THE THEATRE IN TIME TO OVERHEAR...

YOU MEAN,  
THAT YOU, THE  
PUBLICITY AGENT,  
DIDN'T PLACE  
THAT AD  
IN THE  
PAPER?

I WISH I HAD  
THOUGHT OF IT,  
BUT I DIDN'T!  
THE PAPER GOT  
THE MONEY AND  
INSTRUCTIONS  
ANONYMOUSLY  
THROUGH THE MAIL.  
I CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND IT!

BUT I  
CAN  
THE  
JOKER!



AND ONSTAGE...

I PLACE THE  
THREE LADIES  
INSIDE THE CABINET.  
SO!

I CLOSE  
THE DOOR...  
WAVE MY  
WAND...

AND PRESTO!...  
EMPTY!  
THEY HAVE  
DISAPPEARED!

AND NOW  
I MAKE  
MYSELF  
DISAPPEAR...  
LIKE THIS!  
HA! HA!  
HA!

THAT  
LAUGH!  
IT'S THE  
JOKER!

A SCANT  
INSTANT DISCARD  
OF OUTER GARB  
IN THE GLOOMY  
HALL... AND THE  
BATMAN LEAPS  
TO THE  
STAGE.

THE  
BATMAN!

IS HE  
PART  
OF THE  
SHOW?

WHAT?...  
THE BATMAN!  
I MUST HAVE MY  
GLASSES FIXED!  
M'EYES ARE  
GOIN' BAD!

OF COURSE!  
THE OLD  
TRAPDOOR  
STUNT!

BUT AS HE DROPS  
BELOW, A BLUDGEON  
CRASHES DOWN IN A  
CRUEL BLOW!

DO WE  
PLUG  
THE  
BATMAN?

NO! LET HIM LIVE!  
HE IS SO AMUSING  
WHEN HE TRIES TO MATCH  
WITS WITH ME! HA!  
HA! AU REVOIR,  
BATMAN, AND MONSIEUR  
PRESTO! AND THANK  
YOU, LADIES, FOR  
THE JEWELRY...  
HA! HA!

AT A TOUCH, A WALL SLIDES BACK AND THE THIEVING TRIO STEPS INTO AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!

HUH! I'LL BET EVERYBODY'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE OLD SEWER!

I ONLY FOUND OUT ABOUT IT MYSELF BY PORING OVER SOME OLD BLUE-PRINTS OF THE THEATER!

THIS SEWER HASN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS! NOW IT PROVIDES US WITH THE PERFECT GETAWAY!

AS THE BOAT RIDES THE WATERS, THE BOY WONDER, BREATHING WITH THE AID OF AN OLD PIPE, FOLLOWS BELOW THE SURFACE.

THEN LIKE THE IMPATIENT POOL-HARDY YOUNG DAREDEVIL THAT HE IS, ROBIN FLASHES INTO ACTION!

WHAT?

HEY!

THAT'S FOR BATMAN, YOU RATE!

BUT THE TRIO CONVERGES ON THE LONE BATTLER AND HOLDS HIM UNDER WATER UNTIL HE GOES LIMP!

THAT'S IT! NOW, BRING HIM ALONG! I HAVE A SPECIAL TREAT IN STORE FOR HIM!

AH! I'M GLAD YOU'RE AWAKE NOW! YOU'VE ANNOYED ME NO END WITH YOUR INTERFERENCES SO I'M GOING TO KILL YOU... SIMPLY AND QUIETLY!

THIS IS PLAIN SULPHUR.  
ITS FUMES CAN OVERPOWER  
A HUMAN! HA! HA!  
SUFFOCATES! JUST LIKE  
A BLANKET! HA! HA!  
SLEEP WELL! HA-HA! GOOD  
JOKE, EH? HA! HA!

THE DOOR  
CLOSES...AND  
HELPLESS ROBIN  
IS LEFT ALONE  
TO FACE A  
HORRIBLE,  
CHOKING  
DOOM!

I CAN'T  
GET LOOSE!  
I CAN'T GET  
LOOSE...  
COUGH!

MINUTES PASS AND THE  
SULPHUROUS FUMES RISE  
THICKLY ABOUT THE BOY LIKE  
A MALIGNANT CLOUD!

(COUGH) I'M GOING TO DIE...  
NO... MUSTN'T LOSE MY  
HEAD... MUST THINK...  
THINK... (COUGH)

Suddenly ROBIN'S PROBING FINGERS  
ENCOUNTER A WIRE...

A TELEPHONE  
WIRE... PROBABLY  
DISCONNECTED  
A LONG TIME  
AGO! IT'S SPLICED  
AT THIS POINT!  
MAYBE...  
MAYBE...

FUMBLING IN THEIR HASTE,  
HIS FINGERS SLOWLY, LABOR-  
IOUSLY UNWIND THE TAPE  
FROM THE SPLICED WIRES.

THEN, WHEN THE SPliced  
WIRES ARE UNWOUND, ROBIN  
TAPS ONE WIRE AGAINST THE  
OTHER...

IT MIGHT  
WORK... THERE'S A  
CHANCE... I'VE  
GOT A CHANCE!

OUT INTO SPACE GOES A CALL  
FOR HELP! WILL IT BE HEARD,  
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE?

LISTEN,  
MISS HENLEY,  
THIS SOS  
HAS BEEN  
COMING OVER  
FOR THE  
LAST FEW  
MINUTES!

CALL THE  
POLICE! THEY'LL  
TRACE IT  
WITH THEIR  
SIGNAL-  
FINDER!  
HURRY!

AND SO A  
DESPERATE  
MESSAGE IS  
TRANSMITTED  
OVER THE WIRES...



WILL IT BE  
PICKED UP BY  
THE BATMAN...  
IN TIME?

MINUTES LATER...  
A POWERFUL  
FRAME RIPS  
A DOOR FROM  
ITS HINGES...

(COUGH)  
ROBIN, ROBIN!  
HE'S LYING  
SO STILL!  
MAYBE... NO...  
IT CAN'T  
BE...





ATOP THE MARTIER JEWELRY BUILDING, THE DISGUISED JOKER PUTS HIS PLAN TO WORK...



AND IN THE JEWELRY STORE IN THE LOBBY OF THE BUILDING THE GRIM JESTER ACTS WITH TERRIBLY FAMILIAR SWIFTNESS!



WHEN THE ROOF IS FINALLY REACHED, THE JOKER IS ONCE AGAIN THE INNOCENT PAINTER...



AT THAT MOMENT, THE BATMAN HEARS THE NEWS VIA THE 'POLICE CALL'!

CALLING ALL CARS... JOKER JUST ROBBED MARTIER'S JEWELRY STORE.



Moments later...

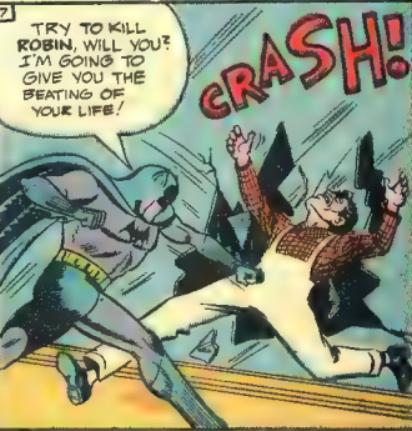


THE JOKER RIPS OFF HIS DISGUISE AND MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP FOR THE ADJOINING ROOF...





DOWN PLUNGES THE JOKER, GRABBING AT ANYTHING TO STOP HIS FALL!

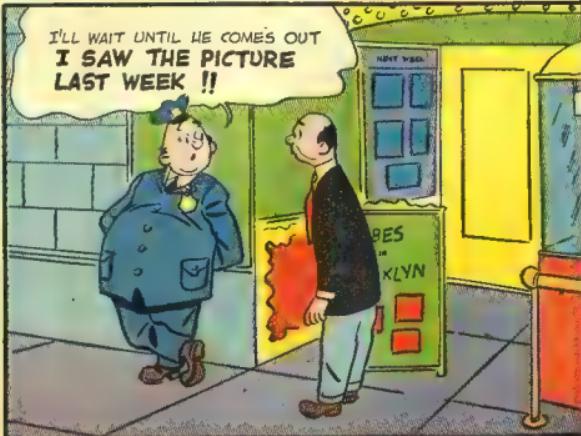
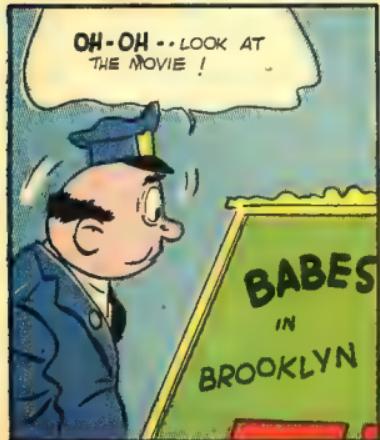


AND THE JOKER IS LUCKY, AS A SERIES OF ANNISS DOTS BREAK HIS DOWNWARD PLUNGE!

# CLANCY THE COP

STORY BY  
ART BY

HMM - I WONDER WHAT  
KIND OF EXCITEMENT  
I'LL HAVE TODAY ?





# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

BOY WONDER

ALL MEN ARE  
CREATED EQUAL --- BUT  
MANY ARE THE TRAILS THEY  
FOLLOW THROUGH LIFE AND  
VERY DIFFERENT THEIR ENDINGS.  
HERE IS THE STRANGE STORY OF  
TWO WHO STARTED TOGETHER BUT  
FINISHED A WORLD APART --- THE  
ONE HONORED AND SUCCESSFUL,  
THE OTHER FOREVER DOOMED  
BY HIS MISDEEDS! IT IS A  
STORY OF FRIENDSHIP, IT IS A  
TREACHERY, OF VIOLENCE AND  
HEROISM --- AND OF A HUMAN  
PROBLEM SO KNOTTY THAT  
IT TOOK THE NIMBLE BRAINS  
AND FLASHING FISTS OF THE  
MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN  
THE BOY WONDER TO SOLVE  
IT! IN THE CASEBOOK OF THE  
BATMAN, IT IS CALLED -

"Payment in Full."



WITHIN  
THE  
HOUSE...

WE'RE SITTIN'  
PRETTY, BOYS!  
WE LIFTED FORTY  
GRAND AN' ONLY  
HAD TO KILL  
ONE GUY -- AN'  
THE COPS CAN'T  
FIND US!

WE'D GET  
THE CHAIR  
IF THEY  
DID!

NO HOT  
SEAT FOR ME!  
I GOT A DRAG  
WITH THE  
DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY! ONCE  
I--HEY! SOME-  
BODY'S AT THE  
DOOR!

IF IT'S  
THE LAW,  
I'LL CHOP  
'EM  
DOWN!

SUDDENLY...

BETTER  
SURRENDER  
IN A HURRY,  
YOU CROOKS!

THIS LL  
BLAST  
HIM  
OUTA  
OUR HAIR!

THE  
BATMAN!

IF YOU DON'T,  
I'LL HAVE TO  
SLAP YOU  
SILLY!

I'LL  
SLUG  
HIM!

THE SMALL BUT POWERFUL  
ALLY OF THE BATMAN  
FLASHES INTO THE FRAY!

ASHES  
TO ASHES  
AND DUST  
TO DUST...

IF THIS  
DON'T FINISH  
YOU...

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

...THEN  
THIS ONE  
MUST!

NICE  
GOING,  
FELLA!

YOU WON'T  
BE NEEDING  
THIS ANY  
MORE,  
SMOKEY!

ONE BULLETS  
ALL IT'LL  
TAKE, IF I  
PUT IT IN THE  
RIGHT  
PLACE!

YOU PUT  
IT IN THE  
RIGHT PLACE,  
AS FAR AS  
I'M CONCERNED!

YOU CLUMSY  
FOOL, SMOKEY--  
YOU MADE  
ME MISS!



YOU'VE GIVEN  
HEADACHES TO  
A LOT OF PEOPLE...  
HAVE A COUPLE  
YOURSELVES!

DO I HEAR  
A HOLLOW  
SOUND?

CLUNK



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...

POLI!  
THEY'RE ALL  
YOURS, INSPECTOR!

JOE DOLAN  
AND HIS  
GANG, BATMAN,  
HOW DO YOU  
DO IT?

YOU GUYS  
ARE JUST  
WASTIN' YOUR  
TIME! LEE  
BENSON, THE  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
WON'T EVER SEND  
ME OVER THE  
ROAD!

WHAT'S  
THAT  
ABOUT  
LEE  
BENSON?

WE WAS  
KIDS TOGETHER--  
I SAVED HIS  
LIFE ONCE--  
HE WON'T  
FORGET THAT!  
HE'S MY  
PAL!

AND WHEN DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
BENSON ARRIVES AT HIS OFFICE IN  
ANSWER TO THE BATMAN'S SUMMONS...

AND HERE'S THE  
EVIDENCE THAT WILL  
HELP YOU CONVICT  
JOE DOLAN AND  
HIS MOB!

JOE DOLAN!  
BATMAN,  
YOU'VE JUST  
GIVEN ME  
THE TOUGHEST  
ASSIGNMENT  
OF MY  
LIFE!

IT'S YOUR DUTY,  
BENSON--DOLAN  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
DECENT WHEN  
YOU WERE KIDS  
TOGETHER, BUT  
HE'S A MENACE  
TO SOCIETY  
NOW!



MY DUTY, YES--BUT I'M HUMAN! I SWEAR I'D BE GRATEFUL TO DOLAN ALL MY LIFE, AND DO ALL I COULD TO HELP HIM... I'D BETTER RESIGN AND LET SOMEONE ELSE HANDLE THE CASE!

THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE PUT THEIR TRUST IN YOU, AND YOU CAN'T LET THEM DOWN! PROMISE ME YOU'LL TAKE THE NIGHT TO THINK IT OVER!

I--OH, BATMAN... I PROMISE!

NOW FOR BED! BUT I WON'T SLEEP FOR WONDERING WHAT BENSON WILL DECIDE.

IT WILL BE HARD FOR HIM, BUT HE'LL DECIDE IN THE ONLY WAY AN HONEST MAN COULD. HE'LL PROSECUTE DOLAN!



NOR IS THERE ANY SLEEP THAT NIGHT FOR LEE BENSON SITTING BEFORE HIS FIREPLACE AT HOME, WRESTLING WITH HIS CONSCIENCE! AS IF IN A DREAM, HIS MIND TURNS BACKWARDS THROUGH THE YEARS...

--BACK TO A SHABBY BLOCK IN THE POORER SECTION OF THE CITY...



--AND A FRAIL, TIMID BOY WHO WAS HIMSELF...



--AND A HUSKY, RECKLESS YOUNGSTER WHO WAS JOE DOLAN!

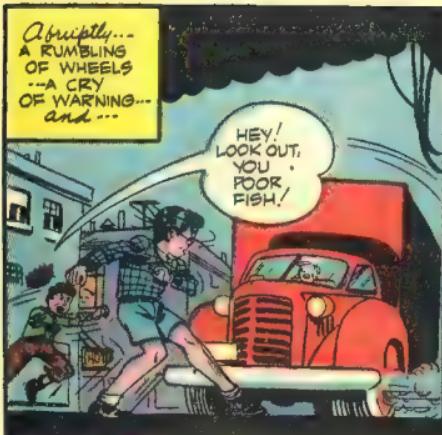
LEE BENSON'S A SISSY! NEVER PLAYS WITH THE OTHER KIDS 'CAUSE HE'S SCARED HE'LL GET HURT!



BLINDED BY TEARS OF LONELINESS, THE SHY BOY TURNS TO RUN FROM HIS TORMENTOR...



A suddenly...  
A RUMBLING  
OF WHEELS  
--A CRY  
OF WARNING  
and...



An instant later...



A FAST FRIENDSHIP GROWS  
DURING LONG WEEKS IN A HOSPITAL...



AS LONG  
AS I LIVE,  
I'LL BE  
WATCHING  
FOR A CHANCE  
TO PAY YOU  
BACK! IF I  
CAN EVER HELP  
YOU, YOU CAN  
COUNT ON  
ME!



AND AFTERWARD, THE TWO CONTINUE  
TO BE PALS-



HE'S MY PAL, GEE?  
ANYBODY WHO WANTS  
TO PICK ON HIM  
HAS GOT TO PICK  
ON ME, TOO!



BUT AS THE YEARS PASS, A  
CHANGE COMES OVER JOE DOLAN...

GOSH...  
WHERE DID  
YOU GET  
ALL THAT  
MONEY,  
JOE?

SOME GUYS  
AN' ME  
SWIPED SOME  
STUFF AN'  
SOLD IT! WHY  
DON'T YOU  
COME OUT WITH  
US TONIGHT?

NOT ME ---  
AND IF  
YOU'VE  
GOT ANY  
SENSE, YOU'LL  
NEVER STEAL  
AGAIN! IT'S  
WRONG! YOU  
KNOW WHAT'LL  
HAPPEN TO YOU  
IF YOU KEEP  
ON!

NOTHIN'  
HAPPENS TO  
NOBODY IF  
THEY'RE SMART.  
AN' I'M  
PLENTY  
SMART!

THE YEARS ROLL BY --

ARE YA GONNA BE  
A DOPE ALL YOUR LIFE,  
PAL? WHY DON'T YA  
JOIN OUR GANG? ROBBIN'  
STORE'S IS EASY, AN' THE  
LAW'S THE BUNK!

THE LAW'S NO  
JOKE TO ME! I'M  
STUDYING IT. I'M  
GOING TO BE A  
LAWYER SOME  
DAY!

NOW THE FRIENDS BEGIN TO  
DRIFT APART, AS LEE SPENDS  
HIS NIGHTS WITH HIS BOOKS ...

I'M TIRED  
BUT I CAN'T  
GO TO BED YET---  
EXAMINATIONS  
ARE NEXT  
WEEK...

AND JOE'S NIGHTS ARE SPENT  
IN ANOTHER KIND OF ENDEAVOR.

THIS IS THE  
EASIEST WAY  
OF MAKIN' MONEY  
I KNOW OF! GUYS  
WHO WORK FOR  
A LIVIN' ARE  
GOOFY!

BOTH ADVANCE RAPIDLY IN  
THEIR CHOOSEN CAREERS...

I BELIEVE IN  
YOUR INNOCENCE,  
MR. JORDAN ... I'LL  
BE GLAD TO  
DEFEND YOU IN  
COURT!

BENSON  
ATTORNEYS

THEY  
TOLD ME  
YOU WERE ONE  
OF THE BEST  
LAWYERS  
IN TOWN!



AND DOLAN RECEIVES HIS SHARE OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES...



FELLOW CITIZENS,  
I PROMISE TO  
JUSTIFY YOUR FAITH  
IN ELECTING ME.  
I SHALL WORK  
UNCEASINGLY TO  
STAMP OUT CRIME  
AMONG US, SHOWING  
MERCY TO NONE  
WHO DOES NOT DESERVE  
IT, WHOEVER  
HE MAY BE!

BENSON  
FOR  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

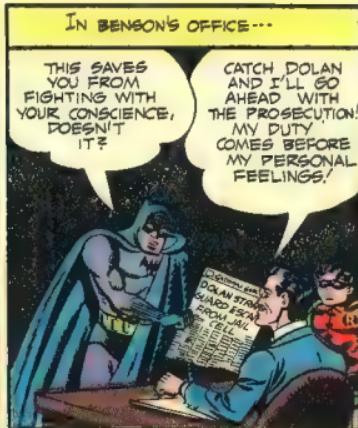
LEE BENSON  
FOR  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THIS, THEN,  
IS THE  
BACKGROUND  
OF OUR STORY...  
AND AS  
FOR THE  
DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY'S  
ANXIETY  
ABOUT HIS  
DEBT TO  
HIS BOY-  
HOOD FRIEND  
AND  
PROTECTOR,  
JOE DOLAN---

...DOLAN HIMSELF IS HASTENING  
THE SOLUTION OF THAT PROBLEM!



NEXT MORNING'S HEADLINES PROVE STARTLING TO BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...



MEANWHILE, IN A CAVERN-LIKE RECESS OF THE TUNNEL---

THIS IS WORSE'N JAIL! THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT IT IS I CAN LEAVE WHENEVER I WANT!/ BAH! THIS SOLITAIRE IS GETTIN' ON ME NERVES!



DISTANT SOUNDS MAKE THE FUGITIVE INSTANTLY ALERT...

WHAT'S THAT?... PROBABLY RATS--BUT I BETTER MAKE SURE!



CREEPING INTO THE TUNNEL, THE JITTERY DOLAN SPIES A SHADY SILHOUETTE...

CAN'T SEE INTO THAT DARKNESS. WHO'S THERE? SPEAK UP, YES OR ILL BLAST YA!



BENSON MAKES A FORLORN ATTEMPT TO REASON WITH HIS ONE-TIME FRIEND--

IT'S LEE BENSON, JOE! SURRENDER AND I'LL GUARANTEE YOU'LL HAVE A FAIR TRIAL!



I'M AFRAID HE WON'T LIKE YOUR PROPOSITION!

WHAT? BENSON?

BENSON! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING HEEL! I SHOULD LET THAT TRUCK RUN OVER YOU!



LIE FLAT! HE'S GOT THE UPPER HAND RIGHT NOW!

I'M HIT!

THIS IS NO PICNIC!



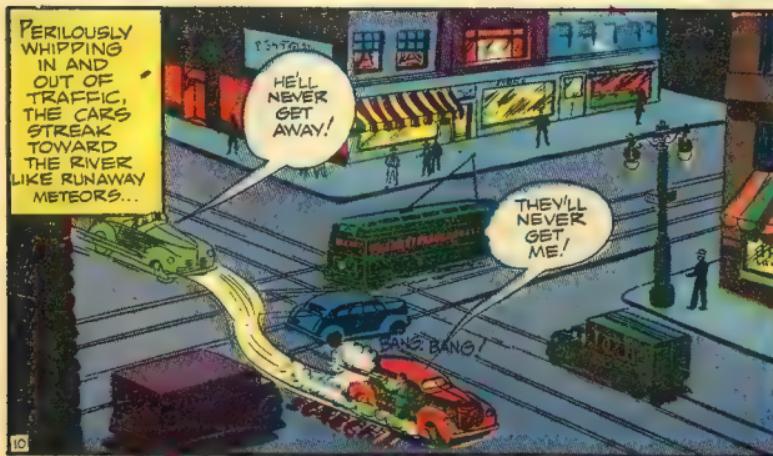
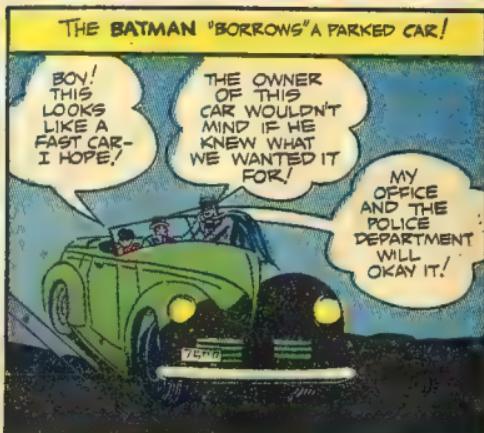
BLASTING LEAD COVERS THE RETREAT OF THE DESPERATE FUGITIVE CRIMINAL...

GOT TO GET OUTA HERE! EVEN IF I'VE KILLED HIM, BENSON MIGHT'VE TOLD THE COPS ABOUT THIS PLACE!

THIS TOWN'S GETTIN' TOO HOT FOR ME! I BETTER TAKE IT ON THE LAM TILL THINGS COOL DOWN!

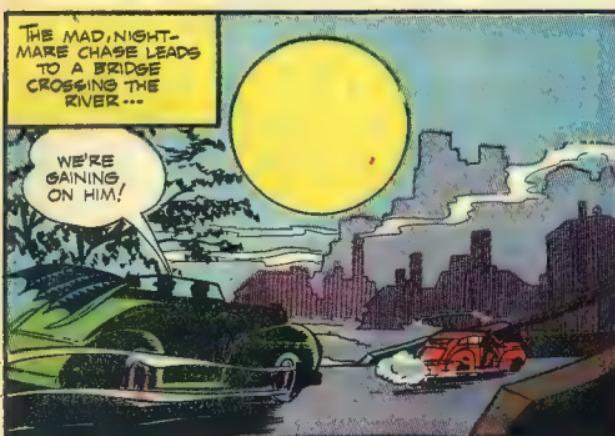


Moments later...



THE MAD, NIGHT-MARE CHASE LEADS TO A BRIDGE CROSSING THE RIVER ...

WE'RE GAINING ON HIM!



THE TERRIFIED GIRL'S TAUT NERVES SNAP, AND THE SPEEDING CAR CAREENS MADLY THROUGH THE RAILING INTO THE SIDE ROAD...

I CAN'T GO ON! OHHHHHH!



**CRASH!**

YOU DONE THAT ON PURPOSE!



DESPERATION HURLS THE CRAZED CRIMINAL OUTWARD AND DOWNWARD IN A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE...

THEY WON'T DARE FOLLOW ME!



STUNNED BY HIS IMPACT WITH THE ICY WATERS, HE FLOATS HELPLESSLY...



WHILE UP ABOVE, LEE BENSON ACTS BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN PREVENT HIM...



KILLER OR NOT, HE SAVED MY LIFE ONCE AND I CAN'T SEE HIM DROWN LIKE THIS!



WEAKENED BY HIS WOUND, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY STROKES FEEBLY TO THE SIDE OF THE SENSELESS DOLAN...

I'LL SAVE HIM...OR DIE TRYING!

AND TWO MANTLED FIGURES PLUMMET SWIFTLY TO HIS AID...

THEY'LL NEVER GET TO SHORE WITHOUT HELP!



BUT SUPERHUMAN EFFORT DRIVES LEE BENSON BEYOND THE LIMITS OF ORDINARY STRENGTH-

HUH?  
WHERE AM  
I? WHO'S  
GOT HOLD  
OF ME?

IT'S LEE--  
YOUR OLD  
CHUM--  
REMEMBER  
WHEN YOU  
SAVED MY  
LIFE?



YOU'RE JUST THE KIND OF SISSY THAT WOULD REMEMBER OLD TIMES!  
BUT ME, I'M TOUGH!  
I ONLY WORRY ABOUT MYSELF!  
AFTER THIS HITS YOU, YOU WON'T GO PUTTIN' THE BATMAN ON MY TRAIL NO MORE!

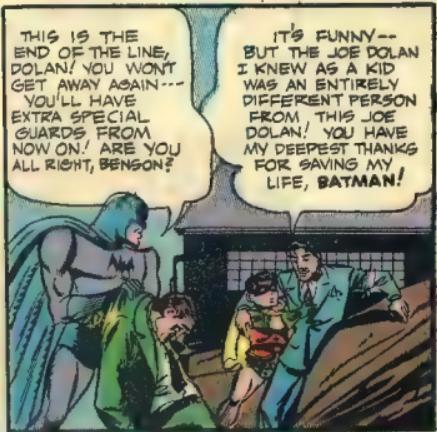


IN HIS BLIND FRENZY, THE KILLER DOES NOT SEE THE CHARGING AGENTS OF HIS DOOM...

ANOTHER SECOND WILL BE TOO LATE!

MAYBE THIS PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD WILL HELP!





TWO SEPARATE PATHS--AND AT THEIR ENDS THE REWARDS THAT FATE HAS SET ASIDE FOR THE MEN WHO CHOSE TO TRAVEL THEM. OUT OF ALL THE MANY PATHS IN LIFE --

FOR THE ONE WHO CHOSE THE HARD AND UP-HILL WAY---

AND FOR THE ONE WHO WAS DELUSED BY A FALSE DREAM OF EASY RICHES---

AND IN BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME---

MR. BENSON, THE STATE COMMITTEE WAS SO IMPRESSED BY YOUR HANDLING OF THE DOLAN CASE THAT WE'VE DECIDED TO NOMINATE YOU FOR GOVERNOR!

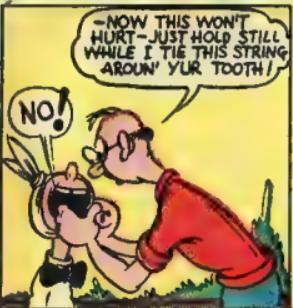
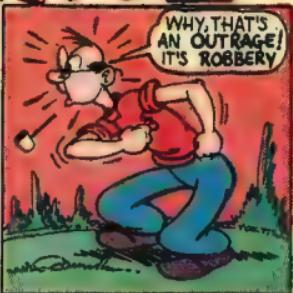
WHY, I... I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

I THOUGHT I WAS SMART, BUT I WAS A DOPE... IF ONLY I COULD START OVER AGAIN ---BUT IT'S TOO LATE!

BUT IF DOLAN WAS SUCH A DECENT KID, HOW DID HE HAPPEN TO TURN INTO SUCH A ROTTEN EXCUSE FOR A MAN?

THE LITTLE THEFTS STARTED IT-- CRIME ROTS PEOPLE FROM THE INSIDE OUT, DICK! IF EVERYONE REALIZED THAT, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY NEED FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN THE WORLD!

# GRAN'PA



## WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader interested in the subject. Please use the coupon below.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, DEPT. BQ-11  
535 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Please send me free of charge booklet entitled  
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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

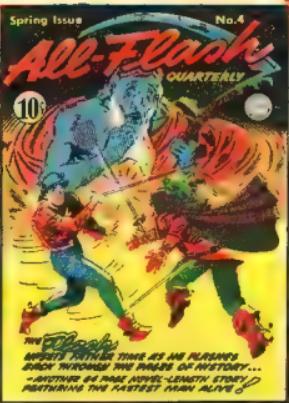
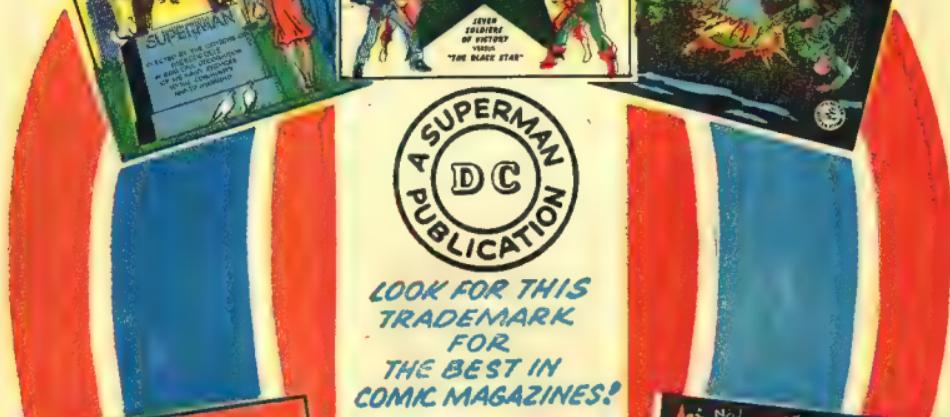
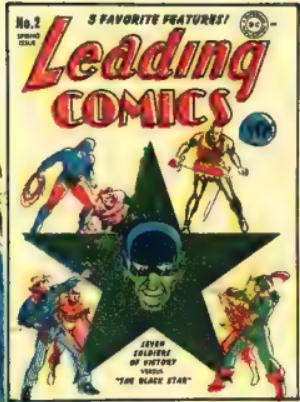
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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn, or without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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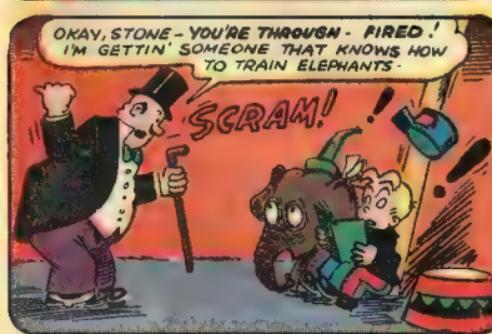
## A REAL PRIZE!





**LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR  
THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!**

# ROLLIN' STONE



# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB KANE

IN THE LAW COURTS OF THE LAND, MEN ARE OFTEN WEIGHED ON THE SCALES OF JUSTICE AND RIGHTFULLY FOUND WANTING. BUT SOMETIMES THOSE DELICATE SCALES ARE TILTED BY A HUMAN HAND WITH A SINISTER PURPOSE ... AND AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE IS FOREVER RUINED!

AS A MIGHTY BARRIER AGAINST THESE ERRORS OF JUSTICE LOOMS THE STALWART CAPED FORM OF THE BATMAN! FOLLOW HIM NOW ON A MISSION OF MERCY AS HE AND ROBIN SET OUT ON THE HIGH-TENSION ADVENTURE OF...

"Bandits in Toyland!"



A TENSE,  
STIRRING  
STRUGGLE...



BUT HIS OPPONENT IS ONLY  
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER...IN A  
WRESTLING DRILL WITH A  
MASTER COACH!

YES, PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT! THAT IS THE SECRET BEHIND  
THE DARING DEEDS AND PHENOMENAL FEATS OF THE TWIN FOES  
OF CRIME!

WELL,  
I BROKE  
THAT HOLD,  
BATMAN!

GOOD WORK,  
ROBIN! NOW  
LET'S TACKLE  
SOME OTHER  
EXERCISE! PRACTICE  
MAKES PERFECT, YOU  
KNOW!

A BRISK SHOWER, AND THE  
DYNAMIC DUO DRESS FOR THEIR  
EVERDAY ROLES OF PLAYBOY  
BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG  
WARD, DICK GRAYSON!

LOOK AT  
THOSE HEAD-  
LINES, BRUCE!  
SOME GANG  
IS ROBBING  
KIDS OF  
THEIR TOYS!

THE CHEAP CROOKS!  
NEXT THING THEY'LL  
BE STEALING PENNIES  
FROM  
BLIND  
MEN!

BOLD HEAD-  
LINES CONJURE  
UP A PUZZLING  
CRIME  
PICTURE!

GOTHAM GAZETTE

NIGHT  
EDITION

TOY BEAR STOLEN FROM  
NURSERY - A MYSTERY...



HMM...THE  
POLICE SAY  
ONE OF THOSE  
THUGS MIGHT  
BE A  
MEMBER OF  
"MUSCLES"  
MALONE'S  
GANG!

BUT WHY SHOULD  
A BIG SHOT  
LIKE "MUSCLES"  
BE STEALING TOYS?  
THAT'S NOT  
LIKE...WAITA  
MINUTE...  
THERE'S  
THE DOOR  
BELL!



MR. BRUCE  
WAYNE?  
A SUMMONS  
FOR  
YOU!

SUMMONS?

SO  
YOU'VE  
BEEN  
UP TO  
SOME  
MISCHIEF,  
EH,  
BRUCE?

NO, DICK...IT'S  
A SUMMONS  
FOR IMMEDIATE JURY  
DUTY! I'M GOING TO  
BE ON THE CONVICTING  
END OF THE LAW  
INSTEAD OF THE  
CATCHING, FOR A  
CHANGE!

WELL, SINCE  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO BE TIED UP  
AT COURT, I  
THINK I'LL LOOK  
INTO THOSE  
TOY ROBBERIES  
MYSELF!

OH, NO YOU  
DON'T! YOU'VE  
GOT TO STUDY  
FOR AN  
EXAMINATION,  
YOUNGSTER!

LATER, IMPEALED  
AS A JUROR,  
BRUCE WAYNE  
LISTENS TO THE  
TRIAL OF TOM  
WILLARD-

DON'T CRY, PEAR!  
I'M INNOCENT!  
EVERYTHING WILL  
BE ALL  
RIGHT!

YOUR HONOR, AS MY  
FIRST WITNESS, I CALL  
UPON THE MANAGER OF  
THOMPSON'S LUXURY  
SHOP, FROM WHOMSE  
PREMISES THE DEFENDANT  
IS ACCUSED OF  
STEALING \$200,000 WORTH  
OF GEMS! MR. HENRY  
BURTON'

PROCEED  
MR.  
BURTON!

WELL,  
WE WERE  
TAKING  
INVENTORY IN  
THE JEWELRY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
THE STORE ONE  
DAY

"OUR GEM EXPERT SUDDENLY  
NOTICED THAT A NUMBER  
OF THE STONES IN THE VAUL'  
WERE COUNTERFEIT!"

THESE  
ARE CLEVER  
PASTE  
REPRODUCTIONS!

THEN WE'VE  
BEEN ROBBED!  
ONE OF OUR  
EMPLOYEES  
HAS SUBSTITUTED  
THESE FAKES  
FOR THE REAL  
GEMS!

"A FORTUNE IN GEMS HAD BEEN  
STOLEN! BUT HOW? THE MEN WERE  
ALWAYS INSPECTED BY A FLUORESCOPE  
MACHINE BEFORE LEAVING THE STORE!"

OKAY,  
NO JEWELS  
ON HIM!  
NEXT!"

"A STORE DETECTIVE AND I SEARCHED THE LOCKERS WHERE THE EMPLOYEES KEPT THEIR COATS AND IN ONE OF THEM..."

HERE ARE SOME OF THOSE JEWELS, MR. BURTON!

AHA! TOM WILLARD'S LOCKER! HE MUST HAVE BEEN ROBBING US FOR MONTHS!

OBVIOUSLY, WILLARD HID THE GEMS IN HIS JACKET DURING BUSINESS HOURS!

THANK YOU, MR. BURTON! THAT WILL BE ALL!

THAT FELLOW DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CROOK! NICE WIFE, TOO! NO, A JOB LIKE THIS WOULD REQUIRE A CLEVER GANG OF ORGANIZED THIEVES!

SUDDENLY, BRUCE'S ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED BY A PAIR OF FAMILAR FACES AMONG THE SPECTATORS...

PATSY DAY AND JOHNNY TEAL.. MEMBERS OF "MUSCLES" MALONE'S GANG! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE JOKING ABOUT? I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

KEEN EYES EFFORTLESSLY TRANSLATE THOSE FURTIVELY MOVING MOUTHS .. FOR BRUCE WAYNE... THE BATMAN ... IS AN ACCOMPLISHED LIP-READER!

SAY, JOHNNY, THAT WILLARD KID LOOKS HOOKED, DON'T HE?

YEAH, THE BIG BOSS FRAMED HIM GOOD!

SO MY HUNCH IS RIGHT! BUT HOW CAN I PREVENT THE LAW FROM MAKING A GRAVE ERROR?

LATER, IN THE JURY ROOM, TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE DECIDE THE FATE OF A FELLOW MAN!

THE THIRD BALLOT... AND IT'S STILL ELEVEN FOR GUILTY AND ONE AGAINST! GENTLEMEN, WE CAN'T GO HOME UNTIL WE REACH A VERDICT WHO'S HOLDING OUT?

I AM! I THINK WILLARD WAS FRAMED! HOW COULD HE HAVE MANAGED TO SNEAK ALL THOSE GEMS OUT OF THE STORE?

THE ARGUMENT WAXES FURIOUSLY UNTIL DUSK!

TIME FOR DINNER, GENTLEMEN! THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO BE LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT AT A HOTEL!

ALL WAYNE'S FAULT! WE'RE KEPT AWAY FROM OUR FAMILIES, JUST BECAUSE HE'S STUBBORN!

HMPH! A LOT THESE WEALTHY PLAYBOYS KNOW ABOUT LAW!

THAT NIGHT, AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOTEL ROOM...

WHEW! THOSE FELLOWS  
THINK I'M CRAZY! BUT  
THAT MAN'S INNOCENT,  
I KNOW! AND I ONLY  
HAVE UNTIL MORNING  
TO PROVE IT!



MINUTES LATER, A MANTLED FIGURE SWINGS OUT INTO THE NIGHT ON AN ERRAND OF JUSTICE—  
THE BATMAN!



MEANWHILE, YOUNG ROBIN BECOMES RESTLESS...

THAT'S ENOUGH STUDYING!  
I'M GOING OUT TO SEE WHAT  
"MUSCLES" MALONE HAS TO  
DO WITH THOSE TOY ROBBERIES!  
WON'T BRUCE BE SURPRISED  
IF I SOLVE THIS CASE  
MYSELF!



AT MALONE'S  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS...

C'MON,  
GUYS!  
FIRST  
STOP'S THE  
VAN COURTELY  
HOME!

AH! THERE THEY  
ARE! I'LL TRAIL  
THEM IN THE  
BATMOBILE!



LATER... AT THE VAN COURTELY  
RESIDENCE...

THERE'S A TOY  
AROUND HERE  
THAT I WANT..  
A LITTLE TANK!  
WHERE IS  
IT?

I DON'T KNOW!  
I'M THE BUTLER—  
THE FAMILY IS  
OUT. I...I BELIEVE  
THE TOY YOU  
MENTION WAS LEFT  
AT THE PLAYGROUND  
NEARBY!



A SUDDEN NOISE AT THE  
WINDOW... AND  
INTO THE ROOM  
PLUNGES THE  
LAUGHING BOY  
WONDER...

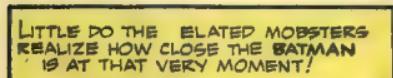
HEY,  
"MUSCLES!"  
LOOK  
OUT!

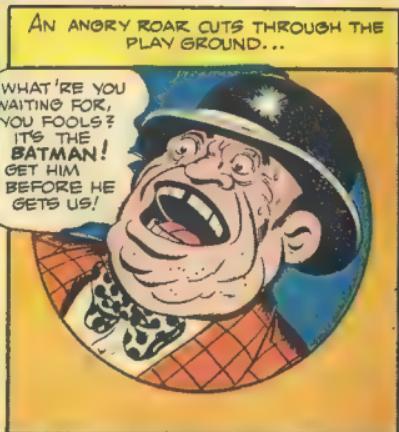
OLD MEN AND  
KIDS...THAT'S  
WHO YOU MUGGS  
TACKLE! WELL...



...HOW  
DO YOU  
LIKE THIS  
LITTLE  
BOY?







MY, MY!  
YOU'RE ALL  
SO ANXIOUS  
TO GREET  
ME!

BUT I DON'T  
LIKE PUNKS ON A  
RECEPTION  
COMMITTEE!

HERE'S  
THAT TOY  
WE WERE  
LOOKING  
FOR,  
'MUSCLES'!

SWELL! LET'S  
SCRAM  
NOW!  
THAT PAIR  
OF WILDCATS  
IS TOO HOT  
TO HANDLE!

THEY'RE BEATING  
IT! DO YOU  
THINK WE  
WERE TOO  
ROUGHS?

LET THEM GET AWAY! HMM...  
THEY PROBABLY LOCATED THE  
TOY THEY WERE AFTER! BUT  
JOHNNY TEAL MENTIONED  
TWO PLACES THEY'RE GOING  
TO NEXT... DOLL HOUSE  
AND THE HENDRICKS  
MANSION!

SWIFTLY, BATMAN PLOTS A COURSE  
OF ACTION...

DOLL HOUSE... THEY MUST  
MEAN GRANDMA DREW'S!  
I'LL GO THERE, ROBIN. YOU  
COVER THE HENDRICKS HOME!  
WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM  
OF THIS!

RIGHT!  
BUT WHY  
ARE  
GROWN-UP  
MEN  
STEALING  
CHILDREN'S  
TOYS?

WELL KNOWN TO GOTHAM CITY  
IS THAT QUAINTE RESIDENCE  
CALLED DOLL HOUSE... THE  
HARMLESS WHIM OF AN  
ECCENTRIC OLD LADY...  
THERE, IN A MAKE-BELIEVE  
WORLD OF HER OWN, KINDLY  
GRANDMA DREW SOFTLY  
CROONS TO HER STRANGE  
CHILDREN...

AH, MY  
CHILDREN!  
HOW HAPPY  
THEY ARE!

THE WHITE-HAIRED  
MISTRESS OF DOLL HOUSE  
PRESSES A LEVER THAT  
GIVES SPEECH TO HER  
PUPPET PETS.

BUT IT'S  
GETTING LATE  
NOW, AND  
I'M VERY  
TIRED!

GOOD NIGHT,  
GRANDMA  
DREW!

GOOD  
NIGHT,  
GRANDMA!



I PRESSED A LEVER  
WITH MY CHIN,  
THIS WAY, AND...  
SEE!

HA, HA! THAT'S RICH!  
TWO TOUGH MUGGS  
TRICKED BY A COWBOY  
DOLL! THE POLICE  
WILL LIKE THAT  
WHEN THEY GET  
HERE!

HANDS UP!

AFTER LISTENING TO THE  
QUAINT OLD LADY'S  
STORY...

HMM...THEY'RE  
ONLY AFTER  
EXPENSIVE TOYS -  
PURCHASED BY  
WEALTHY PEOPLE!  
AND I'LL BET I  
KNOW WHERE THEY  
CAME FROM!

WHERE DID YOU BUY  
THAT BETSY ROSS  
DOLL, GRANDMA?

FROM  
THOMPSON'S  
SHOP! OH,  
MY POOR  
LOST CHILD!  
THOSE  
BANDITS  
HAVE  
KIDNAPPED  
HER!

DON'T WORRY,  
GRANDMA! YOU  
SAVED MY LIFE, AND  
I PROMISE I'LL BRING  
YOUR LITTLE ONE  
BACK, SAFE AND  
SOUND.

GOD BLESS  
YOU,  
BATMAN!  
(SNIFF-SNIFF!)

MEANWHILE,  
ROBIN HAS BEEN  
PROWLING THE  
HENDRICKS  
MANSION...

SAY, WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
HERE? I  
DON'T KNOW  
YOU!

LISTEN, JUNIOR,  
I'M GOING  
TO HELP YOU!  
SOME THIEVES  
ARE GOING TO  
STEAL ONE OF  
YOUR TOYS!

ROT! WHO  
WOULD WANT  
TO STEAL MY  
TOYS? AND  
WHY ARE YOU  
WEARING THAT  
SILLY COSTUME?

NOW,  
LOOK...

WAIT A  
MINUTE!  
I'VE GOT A  
MARVELOUS  
IDEA! YOU  
STAND RIGHT  
THERE...I WANT  
TO SHOW  
YOU SOME-  
THING!

OKAY,  
BUT  
WHY...

THE CLICK OF A SWITCH...  
AND ROBIN FINDS HIMSELF  
THE VICTIM OF A PRACTICAL  
JOKE...

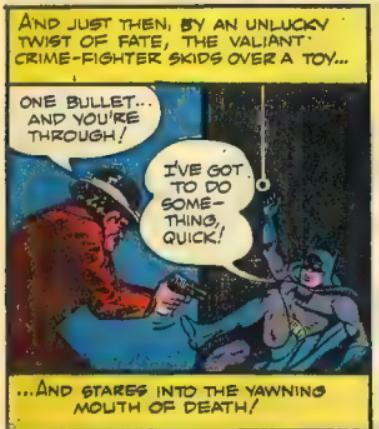
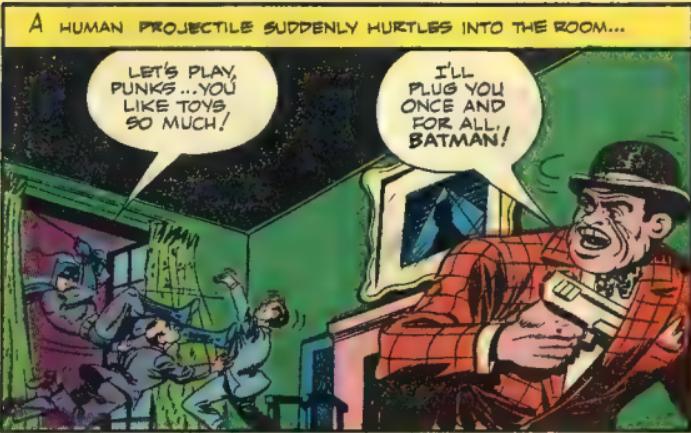
HA! HA!  
MY PRISONER  
OF WAR! HA!  
YOU'RE MUCH  
BETTER THAN  
THE BUTLER -  
HE'S TOO  
FAT!

LET ME  
OUT, YOU  
SPOILED PARK  
AVENUE BRAT!  
THOSE CROOKS  
WILL BE  
HERE ANY  
MINUTE!

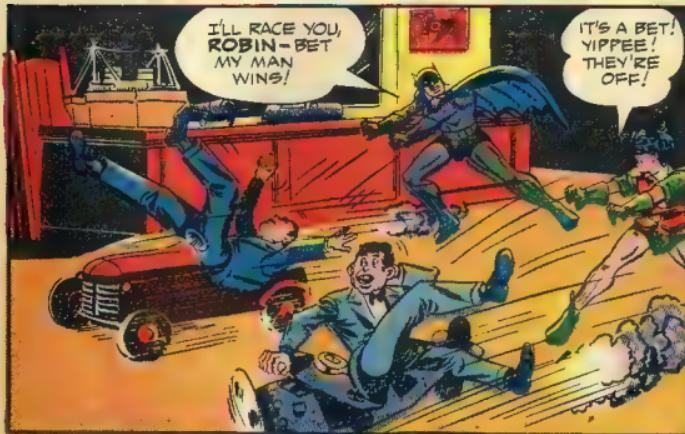
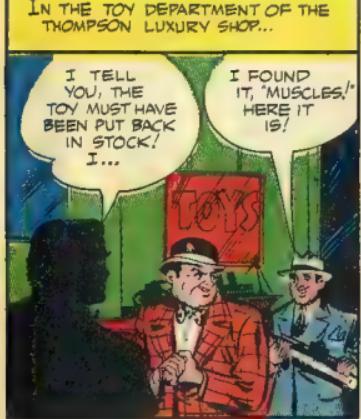
SOONER THAN  
THAT, YOU  
MEDDLING  
PUNK! MY,  
LOOK AT  
HIM...HAW!  
HAW!

TAKE YOUR  
HANDS  
OFF  
ME!

IF I COULD  
ONLY  
PUT MY  
HANDS ON  
YOU,  
JUNIOR!



IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT OF THE THOMPSON LUXURY SHOP...



THE NEXT MORNING...IN THE JURY ROOM...

GUILTY...GUILTY!  
THAT MAKES  
TWELVE...UNANIMOUS!  
WELL, I'M GLAD  
TO SEE YOU  
FINALLY CAME TO  
YOUR SENSES,  
WAYNE!

I DON'T  
KNOW. I  
STILL THINK  
HE'S INNOCENT,  
BUT I DIDN'T  
WANT TO  
DELAY MATTERS  
ANY LONGER.

GENTLEMEN  
OF THE  
JURY, HAVE  
YOU REACHED  
A VERDICT?

YES, YOUR  
HONOR...WE  
FIND TOM  
WILLARD...  
GUILTY!



A DEATHLY HUSH STILLSTHE  
COURTROOM, BROKEN ONLY BY A WOMAN'S  
SOFT SOBS, WHEN SUDDENLY...

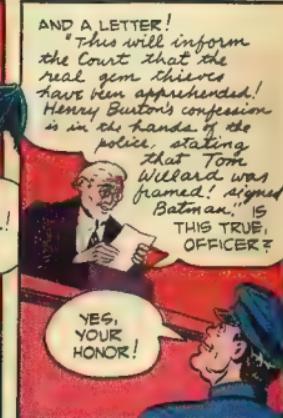


THE CARTON  
IS TORN OPEN...  
AND A  
GIANT BAT  
WINGS ITS  
WAY UPWARD!



AND A LETTER!

"This will inform  
the Court that the  
real gem thieves  
have been apprehended!  
Henry Burton's confession  
is in the hands of the  
police, stating  
that Tom  
Willard was  
framed!" signed  
Batman." IS  
THIS TRUE,  
OFFICER?



YES,  
YOUR  
HONOR!



CASE  
DISCHARGED!  
COURT  
DISMISSED!

WANNE...YOU  
WERE RIGHT! WE OWE  
YOU AN APOLOGY!  
AND THE BATMAN  
SHOULD BE REWARDED!  
IF NOT FOR HIM...

WE ALL  
MAKE MISTAKES—  
I JUST  
HAD A . . .  
HUNCH!

THAT HAPPY  
COUPLE IS  
REWARD  
ENOUGH  
FOR BATMAN!

AND AS BRUCE WALKS  
DOWN THE COURTHOUSE STEPS  
AND WINKS AT THE STATUE  
OF JUSTICE...



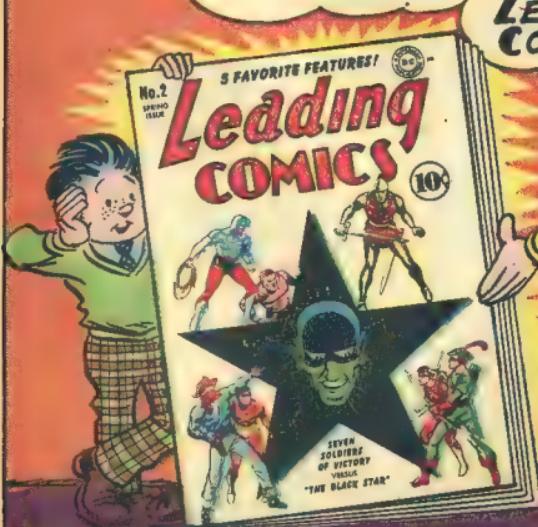
JUSTICE MAY  
BE BLINDFOLDED...  
BUT SHE  
ISN'T BLIND!

The End

SAY, PAL... DO YOU REALIZE THERE'S  
A TERRIFIC BATMAN AND ROBIN  
ADVENTURE EVERY MONTH IN  
DETECTIVE COMICS ---  
PLUS THAT GREAT NEW  
WAR-ACTION FEATURE,  
"THE BOY COMMANDOS"



RIGHT, BROTHER! AND YOU'D  
BETTER NOT MISS THOSE FIVE FAVORITE  
FEATURES IN THE SECOND ISSUE OF  
LEADING COMICS!



BOTH  
NOW ON  
SALE!

# ALL THE ANGLES

by Edgar Wilton

THIN lips compressed, his hard, cruel eyes straining on the road ahead as powerful headlights proved ineffective against the fog, Trigger Thames pushed the accelerator down to the floor and the heavy car gave up every ounce of its 120-horse strength.

But to Trigger it still wasn't enough to put the miles behind him. He cursed the bad break that had allowed the bank watchman to sound the alarm before being shot. Otherwise, the robbery wouldn't have been discovered until morning. There would also have been no robbery if buying this car from a fence in Biloxi hadn't taken all his cash. After that, Trigger had decided to knock over a small town bank.

The watchman was dead because he had gotten in the way. But the fool had lived long enough to give the cops a description of the car. Trigger learned this over the radio, also that the scar on his face hadn't gone unnoticed.

And then the fog had come up, heavy and ghostly. Keeping to the less-travelled highways, Trigger had managed to put a good many miles between him and his would-be captors. Not enough for safety, though.

Trigger's body stiffened; his hand stole to the gun alongside him as a yellow light suddenly appeared out of the murky gloom. A single light! Instinctively, Trigger knew that it was a motorcycle cop. A state cop!

Snarling, he gripped the wheel and prodded the car forward. The officer's form, alongside his wheel, appeared in the middle of the road. His arms were raised. Trigger drove the car forward, then swung the wheel and felt the impact of the motorcycle off his bumper. He thought he saw the officer fly through the air.

The sudden whine of a bullet made him realize he hadn't harmed the officer. The man

must have had his gun ready, fired as Trigger's car raced along. There was another sharp crack. Then silence. Trigger smiled grimly to himself. No gun could reach him now.

He snapped on the map light, studied the map he had picked up at a service station. It wouldn't pay to stay on this highway. The tires screamed in protest when Trigger, a few moments later, cut off to the right.

Pridefully, he told himself that not many mobsters would have been able to think the way he had done. Run down the cop's bike, then let him try and catch you. His eyes strayed to the speedometer and he decided to slow down. This road wasn't built for speed. It—he started—what was wrong with the gas gauge? It was going down too fast!

Trigger stopped the car, pulled a flashlight from the glove compartment, and ran to the gas tank. His worst fears were realized: the cop's second shot had punctured the tank!

Quickly, Trigger tore strips from his handkerchief and plugged the hole. It was almost beneath the bottom of the tank. Luckily, he had discovered the leak before all the gas went. Then, as realization of his plight came in full, Trigger's face assumed an air of concern. That cop would call up from the first house he came to. The gas stations would be covered!

Panic took control of Trigger when he returned to the wheel of the car. It was a few moments before he felt calm enough to go on. All his life he had gone along without capture just by figuring the angles. Now he had made a mistake by not carrying extra gas.

Through the gloom, his headlights showed a forked road. Trigger went to the right as an

idea entered his mind: there must be farms around here. It wasn't so late. Perhaps he could borrow some gas from a farmer. Buoyed by this hope, he drove the car onward.

\* \* \*

Like a sullen crane the swampland lay before him, curling long, withered fingers around the heavy car as it inchéd over the moist road. The headlights were but fireflies in the inky blackness, a ghostly gloom made more compelling by the presence of fantastic, top-heavy magnolia trees.

It seemed as though death itself ruled this particular part of the Mississippi backwoods.

Trigger laughed nervously, trying to hold back his fears. "I can beat this," he muttered. "I've gotten out of tighter spots than this one." Intent on thoughts of himself, his eyes had strayed from the road. Now, returning, they tensed.

Was that a light ahead? Trigger squinted through the mist at the yellowish spot that suddenly appeared. His heart skipped a beat as a hot breeze parted a low-hanging branch of magnolia and he saw that it was indeed a light.

And a light meant a house. He might even stay there long enough to eat. These backwoods people would do anything for money. Usually, they all had Model T Fords; if they had no extra gas, they'd get it for him.

Craftiness tenanted Trigger's eyes as the car drew toward the house. He'd better get his story ready. What was it now? Yes, he was lost, and out of gas. Could they help him and set him on the right road?

Light blazed in the doorway as Trigger got out of the car. His hand darted to his gun as he saw the shotgun in the man's hand. Then he paused. "Look out!" the man said, "You're in spike grass."

The warning came too late. A sharp pain cut into Trigger's

foot as he stepped heavily down. He yelled, saw the man coming toward him with a lantern, and retreated back into the safety of the car.

The farmer skirted the car. "I—tried—to—tell—y-o-u," he panted, "You was in a patch of spike-brush. Get out this side, stranger."

Trigger limped out, eyes wondering. The man guided him around the car, stopped and lowered the lantern. There was a sort of brush beneath it, stiff and straight.

"You're lucky it didn't go through your tires, stranger," the man said. "Guess you just missed it." He sounded apologetic. "Allus told myself I'd clear it away. Dangerous for us 'cause we don't wear shoes. But I never expected a visitor at this hour."

"It's all right," Trigger said. "I lost my way and ran out of gas."

"I got some I can spare," the farmer said. "Come on into the house. Just follow me."

He advanced toward the house, Trigger following. It was one of the type the natives called a "dogtrot." It had a central corridor open to hounds and stray breezes. The roof sloped downward. To either side of the central corridor were small rooms for cooking and sleeping.

\* \* \*

The house was old-fashioned. It was lighted by an old kerosene lamp, which stood on the table. It was to the kitchen that the old man took Trigger. His name was Mains.

"Better let me look at that foot of yours," he said, resting the shotgun against the wall. From a side room a radio blared. Mains, Trigger discovered, was slightly deaf. He stared at Trigger as the latter declined medication.

"I'll have it looked at in Jackson," he said. "I've got to be there by morning. If you'll just get the gas, I'll pay you for it."

"Sure. Sure." The old man nodded vigorously. "Too bad maw ain't here. But she and the girl went to town to a

movie. Me, I don't like them. Hmm. Yes, the gas. I got it out in the barn. Just make yourself comfortable, stranger. Listen to the radio."

Trigger nodded impatiently and helped himself to a drink of water while the man was out. It was cool, spring water and it tempered the heat of his feverish throat. His foot was hurting him, but he could have it looked at later.

The tin drinking cup fell from his hand as the dance music in the next room ceased. There was a flash on.

A man believed to be Trigger Thames, bank robber and murderer, tonight almost killed a State Trooper on Highway One. Citizens are warned to be on the lookout for him. He has a livid scar on the left side of his face and—"

\* \* \*

Trigger snapped off the blaring radio. If that old fool of a farmer had heard that—I He turned back toward the kitchen. His eyes contracted as he saw Mains in the doorway, looking at him.

"What's the matter?" Trigger rasped.

"Eh . . . nothing . . . nothing." He held up a can, his eyes on Trigger's face. "I brought the gas, Mister. Want me to fill your car?"

"I'll take it!" Trigger grabbed the can from the man, thrust a bill into his hand. He was breathing easier now, the old fool probably hadn't heard a thing.

He turned, moved toward the door; then, remembering, started back. That shotgun! The guy might have been waiting for a chance to get at it.

His eyes lighted murderously as in the fraction of a second he saw his hunch come true. The farmer was reaching for the gun.

He screamed as Trigger's bullet entered his shoulder and he fell against the wall. "So you did hear it?" Trigger grated leaping for the shotgun. His fingers closed over it and he flung it through the kitchen

window. The man's eyes were closed.

Trigger, gasoline can in hand, ran for the door. The old man's lantern was on the porch. Trigger seized it, slowed down his run to a walk, remembering the spear-grass. He ran around the car. He'd better get out of here before Mains' wife and kid got back. The gas could be put in a little later.

Trigger climbed into the car and, as he did so, he saw Mains stagger out of the house, the kerosene lamp in his hand. Somehow, he had managed to get to his feet and now, half-crazed, was pursuing Trigger.

He plunged into the gloom, the light wavering in his hands. He was an easy target and Trigger meant to use it.

Trigger squeezed the gun as Mains came closer. The lamp described an arc in the air just as Trigger gunned the motor. Trigger got a glimpse of Mains falling. Then he snapped off the brake.

Suddenly, the car was enveloped in flames. Trigger screamed in terror but even a scream couldn't be heard over the explosion that took place.

\* \* \*

An hour later, called by Mrs. Mains, State Troopers removed the blackened body of Trigger Thames from the twisted car.

"The reward he'll bring will pay for plenty of doctor's care for your husband, Mrs. Mains," one of the troopers said. "We're sure glad Mains is going to be all right."

Another trooper, studying the back of the car said: "Here it is. Look!"

They bent over, saw the spike-like blade sticking into the gas tank. The blade was charred.

"He must have had a gas leak and it flowed out, making a puddle," the trooper said. "And when Mains' light hit it, the thing blew up." He shook his head. "Funny, Trigger never knew his tank was leaking. I always read where he was a smart guy—you know, one of those who figures out all the angles."

# GRANDPA PETERS



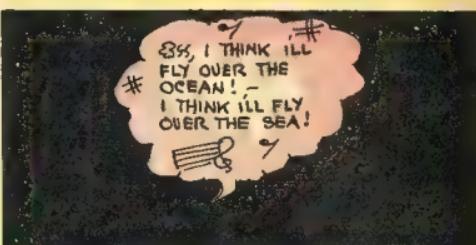
1 MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS IS NOW GOING TO TELL ME HOW ONE TIME WHEN HE WAS STRANDED ON THE HAM ON RYE ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND GOT VERY LIGHTWEIGHTED FROM EATING NOTHING BUT PICKLES, HE HAULED OFF AND RESCUED HIMSELF WITH SUN STONES.



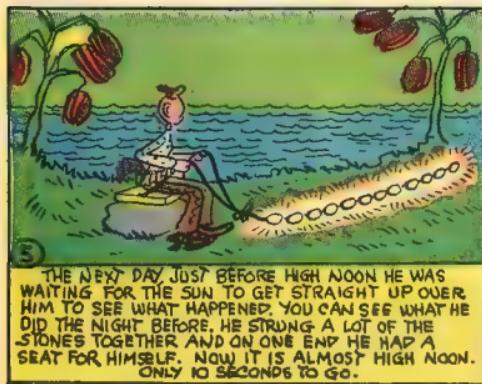
2 WHEN HE WAS IN A DARK CAVE ONE DAY LOOKING FOR MUSTARD SO HE COULD EAT A SANDWICH, HE FOUND SOME FUNNY FEELING STONES AND WHEN HE TOOK THEM OUTSIDE AT HIGH NOON TO EXAMINE THEM THEY FLEW OUT OF HIS HAND STRAIGHT UP TOWARDS THE SUN.



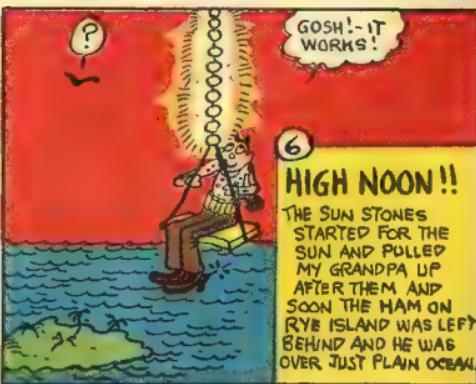
3 SO HE LAYED DOWN AND WORRIED ABOUT IT TILL PRETTY SOON A BIG IDEA CAME TO HIM AND ALL THAT NIGHT HE WORKED IN THE DARK CAVE AND MADE AN INVENTION FROM HIS IDEA TO TRY OUT THE NEXT DAY WHEN HIGH NOON CAME AGAIN.



4 MY GRANDPA WORKING IN THE DARK CAVE. THE LITTLE SPOTS ARE LIGHTNING BUGS, BUT THEY DIDN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD TO SEE BY HE SAID BECAUSE THEY WOULD NOT ALL GET LIT AT ONCE AND STAY LIT, SO THEY MIGHT AS WELL NOT HAVE BEEN THERE. DONT PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM IF YOU DONT FEEL LIKE IT.



5 THE NEXT DAY, JUST BEFORE HIGH NOON HE WAS WAITING FOR THE SUN TO GET STRAIGHT UP OVER HIM TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED. YOU CAN SEE WHAT HE DID THE NIGHT BEFORE. HE STRUNG A LOT OF THE STONES TOGETHER, AND ON ONE END HE HAD A SEAT FOR HIMSELF. NOW IT IS ALMOST HIGH NOON. ONLY 10 SECONDS TO GO.



6 HIGH NOON!!

THE SUN STONES STARTED FOR THE SUN AND PULLED MY GRANDPA UP AFTER THEM AND SOON THE HAM ON RYE ISLAND WAS LEFT BEHIND AND HE WAS OVER JUST PLAIN OCEAN.

# BY LEFTY O'GRADY.

CHAMPION NINE AND THREE QUARTERS YEARS OLD FREE HAND SOUTH PAW LIGHTWEIGHT ARTIST AND WRITER OF 313 ELM STREET.  
PERIODS, COMMAS AND SPELLING BY TOM McNAMARA



7 MY GRANDPA'S WEIGHT KEPT THE SUN STONES FROM GETTING TO THE SUN, BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS TRYING TO DO IT, AND AS FAST AS THE SUN TRAVELED, MY GRANDPA DID, BUT A CLOUD CAME ALONG. A HASTY LOOKING ONE TOO. HE GOT NERVOUS!



8 WHEN THE CLOUD GOT BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE SUN STONES THE SUN COULDN'T PULL THEM UP ANY MORE SO THEY STARTED BACK DOWN. ALL MY GRANDPA COULD DO WAS TO HOLD ON TIGHT AND TRUST TO LUCK, SO THAT IS WHAT HE DID TO KILL TIME TILL HE LANDED.



9 HAPPY LANDING ON A CEILINGRUS. IT LOOKED SOMETHING LIKE A WALRUS, BUT FELT MORE LIKE A FEATHER BED MY GRANDPA SAID. THE CEILINGRUS WAS WAKED UP OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP AND THEY ARE EXTRA FIERCE WHEN THAT HAPPENS. MY GRANDPA WAS SCARED.



10 THEN THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED. THE CEILINGRUS STARTED TO PURR LIKE A SAW-MILL AND RIGHT AWAY MY GRANDPA CAUGHT ON. IT WAS A LADY CEILINGRUS AND THE SUN STONES AROUND HER NECK MADE HER FEEL GOOD. MAYBE SHE EVEN THOUGHT SHE LOOKED GOOD.



EVERYBODY KNOWS THE CEILINGRUS IS THE VERY WILDEST THING IN THE WORLD, BUT THIS ONE WAS LIKE A LITTLE KITTEN TO MY GRANDPA. SHE UNDERSTOOD FISH LANGUAGE AND MY GRANDPA COULD TALK IT, SO THEY GOT ALONG SWELL AND STARTED FOR

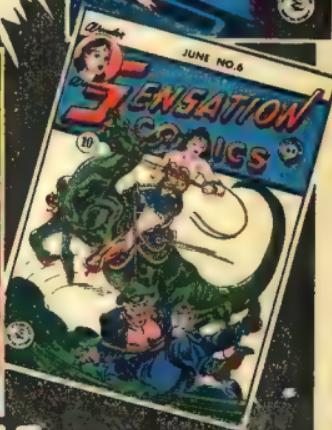
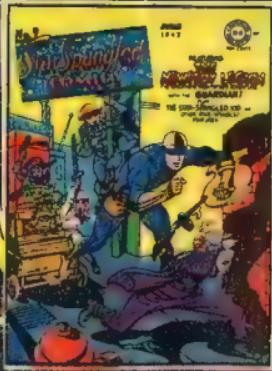
AUWWWW!



- ALWAYS SOMETHING HAPPENS. BEFORE I COULD FIND OUT WHERE MY GRANDPA WAS GOING WITH THE CEILINGRUS AUNTIE MINERVA DROPPED IN ON US, AND LOOK!  
Go open, new-pal  
THANKS FOR LOOKING! Lefty



THE  
**BIG**  
**EIGHT!**  
"TOPS"  
IN  
MONTHLY COMIC  
MAGAZINES



NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!

A SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATION  
DC

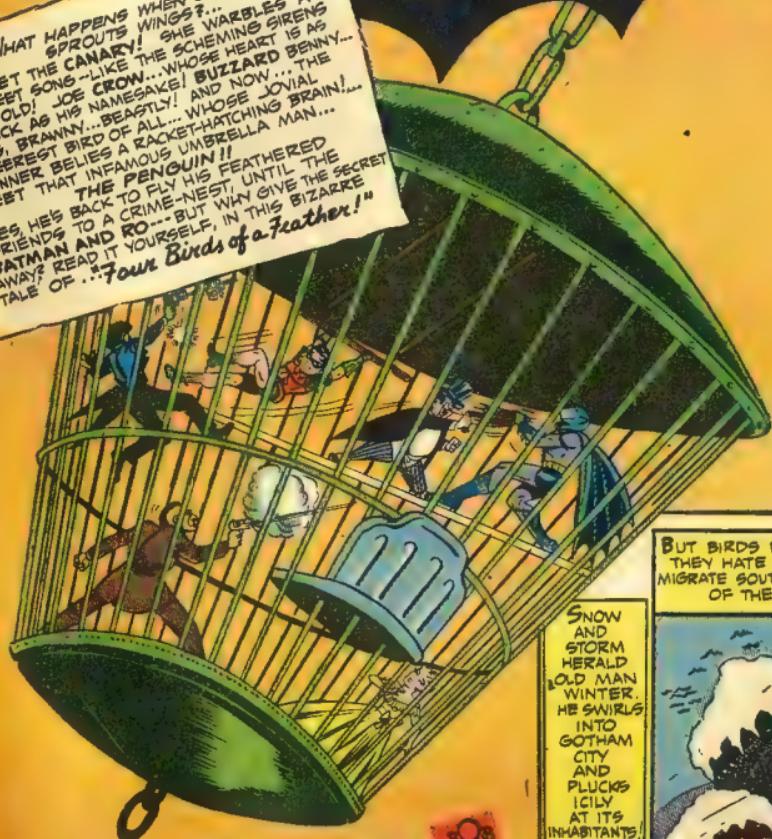
A SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATION  
DC

# BATMAN

## WITH ROBIN

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CRIME SPROUTS WINGS?...  
MEET THE CANARY! SHE WARBLES A SWEET SONG-LIKE THE SCHEMING SIRENS OF OLD! JOE CROW... WHOSE HEART IS AS BLACK AS HIS NAMESAKE! BUZZARD BENNY... BIG, BRAVY... BEASTLY! AND NOW... THE QUEEREST BIRD OF ALL... WHOSE JOVIAL MANNER BELIES A RACKET-HATCHING BRAIN!... MEET THAT INFAMOUS UMBRELLA MAN... THE PENGUIN!!

YES, HE'S BACK TO FLY HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS TO A CRIME-NEST, UNTIL THE BATMAN AND RO--BUT WHY GIVE THE SECRET AWAY? READ IT YOURSELF, IN THIS BIZARRE TALE OF... "Four Birds of a Feather!"



SNOW AND STORM HERALD OLD MAN WINTER. HE SNURFS INTO GOTHAM CITY AND PLUCKS ICILY AT ITS INHABITANTS!

BUT BIRDS DO NOT STAY-- THEY HATE THE COLD AND MIGRATE SOUTHWARD IN QUEST OF THE SUN...



BOB KANE

OTHER "BIRDS" TOO, THINK OF THE WARM SOUTHLAND... BIRDS OF PREY... HUMAN VULTURES!

BUZZARD,  
THE NIGHT-CLUB  
BUSINESS  
IS  
DEAD!

YEAH, CROW!  
THE CANARY,  
HERE, AIN'T  
EVEN GOT  
ONE  
CUSTOMER TO  
SING TO!

LET'S SHAKE  
THIS TOWN  
AND GO SOUTH  
...FLORIDA!  
THE TOURIST  
TRADE DOWN  
THERE IS  
FULL OF  
CHUMPS!

NOW WE MEET ANOTHER "BIRD"  
WHOSE WADDLING GAIT AND  
CHERUBIC FACE MASKS EVIL  
PURPOSE... THE PENGUIN!

REAL PENGUINS  
RELISH THE COLD,  
BUT NOT I! JOVE  
A CAR! HO, THERE!  
HALT!

SHADES OF  
SHELLEY, BUT  
THIS IS DELIGHTFUL!  
MY OLD COMPATRIOTS  
THE EVER-  
LOVELY CANARY,  
JOE CROW AND  
BUZZARD BENNY!

THE  
PENGUIN!  
HOP IN!  
WE'RE  
DRIVIN'  
DOWN  
SOUTH!

WE  
HEARD  
THE  
BATMAN  
WAS  
ON  
YOUR  
TAIL!

THE BATMAN?  
HE'LL FIND  
IT HARD  
TO PUT  
SALT ON  
MY TAIL...!  
HA, HA!

WE WANT  
TO OPEN A  
NIGHT  
CLUB  
IN FLORIDA.  
WITH  
GAMBLING  
AS THE  
REAL  
RACKET!  
ONLY WE  
NEED MORE  
DOUGH TO  
GET  
STARTED!

THEN  
BEHOLD  
YOUR NEW  
PARTNER!  
THE PROCEEDS  
OF MY  
LAST  
ESCAPE...  
THE HOBOES'  
"JUNGLE"  
AFFAIR!

THE PENGUIN'S  
TWISTED BUT  
FERTILE BRAIN  
CONCOCTS A  
CLEVER PLAN!

FLORIDA! TO THIS WINTER  
VACATIONLAND FLOCK  
PEOPLE OF THE NORTH,  
BUT TO IT ALSO SWARM  
HUMAN VULTURES...

THE RACE-TRACK TOUT,  
THE GAMBLER,  
THE GUNMAN,  
THE RACKETEER!

BEYOND MIAMI'S SHORE RIDES  
A SMALL YACHT! IT'S TWO-  
MAN CREW, BRUCE WAYNE  
AND DICK GRAYSON!

WHY THE  
COSTUME?  
WE'RE ON A  
VACATION!

RATS GO EVERY-  
WHERE, SO WE'VE  
GOT TO BE  
PREPARED...  
JUST IN  
CASE!

THE RACE-TRACK TOUT, THE GAMBLER, THE GUNMAN, THE RACKETEER!

SUDDENLY...A CRY FOR HELP!

LOOK! THAT GIRL SWAM TOO FAR OUT AND SHE'S IN DANGER!

HELP

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TENTACLES!

A SCANT INSTANT FOR A SWATCH OF GARB—AND NOW IT IS THE BATMAN WHO WHIPS OVER-SIDE...

WOW!  
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A PICNIC!

DOWN THROUGH SHIMMERRING WATER HE SWIMS...BLADE POISED FOR UNDERSEA BATTLE WITH THAT DEMON OF THE DEEP... A GIANT SQUID!

A SINGLE SLASH FREES THE MONSTER'S CAPTIVE!



BUT ONE OF THE NIGHT-MARE CREATURE'S ARMS SNAKES LIGHTLY ABOUT THE BATMAN!

OH-OH!  
THIS BABY LIKES ME SO MUCH HE WANTS TO HUG ME TO DEATH!



VICIOUSLY, THE CRUEL, PARROT-LIKE BEAK OF THE WATER BEAST SNAPS AT THE CLOAKED FIGHTER!



THE BLADE BITES DEEP INTO A EALFUL EYE... AND INSTINCTIVELY THE SQUID SQUIRTS FORTH A STREAM OF INKY FLUID!

THANKS, BUD.  
THAT MAKES IT ALL THE EASIER FOR US BOTH TO GET AWAY!



LATER, WHEN THE GRATEFUL GIRL REGAINS HER STRENGTH ON A NEARBY FLOAT...

BATMAN! WAIT! ...I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

JOT IT DOWN IN YOUR MEMO BOOK UNDER "THINGS TO REMEMBER." SEE YOU AGAIN SOME TIME!



THE CANARY LOSES A BOMBSHELL IN HER CRONIES' MIDST...

I SAW YOUR OLD FRIEND THE BATMAN TODAY, PENGUIN!

WHAT? HIM HERE? ...IN FLORIDA!

SHE TELLS OF HER TIMELY RESCUE BY THE BATMAN.

JUST 'CAUSE HE PULLED THAT "HERO" STUNT, DON'T START GETTING ANY IDEAS ABOUT HIM!

HERE! LET US FORGET THE BATMAN AND CONCENTRATE ON OUR BUSINESS VENTURE!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM DREAMING!

BUSINESS BEGINS,  
THE BIRD HOUSE OPENS!

LOOKING FOR SOME SPORT, SIR? FREE TAXI SERVICE TO THE BIRD HOUSE - A NEW GAMBLING PLACE WHERE YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL!

THE HOST GREETES THE PLAYERS -

NOTICE... GLASS TABLES! YOU CAN SEE THROUGH THEM. NO WIRES, NO CROOKED MECHANISM. HERE A SPORTSMAN IS GIVEN AN EVEN CHANCE!



SOON THE AUTHORITIES INVESTIGATE THE NEW PHENOMENON -- AN HONEST GAMBLING HOUSE!

YOUR BOOKS SHOW HARDLY ANY PROFIT AT ALL!

TOO TRUE! WHAT LITTLE WE WIN FROM THE SMALL PLAYERS IS LOST WHEN ONE OR TWO INDIVIDUALS MAKE A BIG KILL!

ONLY LAST WEEK A MAN WON OVER \$10,000. THAT'S WHERE OUR PROFIT GOES! GOOD THINGS WE HAVE THE NIGHT CLUB TO KEEP US GOING!



BUT WHEN THE POLICE LEAVE, THE TRUE TALE OF TREACHERY IS REVEALED...

HEE-HEE! I DO BELIEVE THEY FELT SORRY FOR US! WELL... TO WORK AGAIN! IT IS TIME WE MADE A PROFIT!

I GOT A STUPID-LOOKING SAP ALL PICKED OUT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AN UNBELIEVING VICTIM FINDS HIMSELF A BIG WINNER AT ROULETTE...

G-OOLY! JUST LOOK AT ALL THIS MONEY!

EAD, SIR... TOO MUCH MONEY INVITES THIEVERY! CABBY, SEE THIS GENTLEMAN AND HIS WINNINGS... AH- SAFELY TO HIS HOTEL!



BUT ON A DARK ROAD...



STILL LATER...THE PENGUIN GETS A PHONE CALL...



AND SO, BY  
MANY SUCH  
WILY TRICKS,  
THE  
FLEEING FLOCK  
FLIES HIGH -  
UNTIL ONE  
NIGHT...

ONE OF THE PENGUIN'S  
CAB-DRIVERS FINDS A  
NEW CUSTOMER -  
BRUCE WAYNE!

HOW ABOUT  
SOME SPORT  
AT AN  
HONEST  
GAMBLING  
CLUB...  
THE  
BIRD  
HOUSE?

WHY... ER-  
YES!  
  
I'VE  
WANTED  
TO TAKE  
A LOOK  
AT THOSE  
GLASS  
TABLES.  
I'VE HEARD SO  
MUCH ABOUT!

THE BIRD HOUSE FRONT... A NIGHT CLUB!



THE REAR ... THE GAMBLING ROOMS!



SECRETLY, HE  
DROPS A  
PIN TO  
THE TABLE!  
AS THE  
ROULETTE  
WHEEL BALL  
TUMBLES INTO A  
SLOT, THE PIN  
PACES ITS  
SWING...



...SEEMS DRAWN BY AN INVISIBLE  
FORCE... SLIDES ALONG TO THE  
TABLE'S MOLDING EDGE... AND  
STICKS THERE!

VERY CLEVER!  
ELECTRO-MAGNETS IN THE  
MOLDING! THE STEEL  
BALL IS DRAWN INTO  
THE ROULETTE SLOT,  
DIRECTLY IN LINE WITH  
THE MAGNET THAT THE  
Croupier SENDS  
CURRENT THROUGH!

GOT A NEW  
CLUCK  
PICKED OUT  
TONIGHT!  
BRUCE WAYNE,  
A PLAYBOY.  
YOU KNOW  
THE KIND...  
PLENTY OF  
MONEY BUT  
SHORT ON  
BRAINS!

SOUNDS  
FASCINATING.  
THINK I'LL  
TOPPLE ALONG,  
TOO, AND  
WATCH YOU...  
AH... TAKE  
HIM!

AFTER A WONDERING BRUCE NOTES THAT  
THE Croupier PERMITS HIM TO WIN  
A LARGE SUM...

MR. WAYNE,  
THE HOUSE WOULD  
LIKE YOUR  
ADDRESS... FOR  
THE RECORD OF  
YOUR WinnINGS,  
OF COURSE!

WELL, WELL!  
BUZZARD BENNY  
AND JOE CROW  
THESE BIRDS  
BODE NO GOOD!  
I'LL GIVE THEM  
THE ADDRESS OF  
MY TEMPORARY  
ROOM IN  
TOWN!

BRUCE MAKES A HASTY CALL  
TO DICK GRAYSON...

...AND THEY  
PROBABLY  
WANT TO  
LIFT MY  
WinnINGS!

THEY  
WANTED  
YOUR ADDRESS  
SO THEY  
CAN BEAT  
YOU HOME  
AND WAIT  
FOR YOU!  
NICE  
PEOPLE!

LATER...  
FROM THE  
BROODING  
SHADOWS  
OF BRUCE'S  
PENTHOUSE...

REACH  
FOR A  
CLOUD,  
CHUM.

Y...  
YES,  
SIR!

THEN, FLASHING  
FROM  
CONCEALMENT,  
COMES A  
CATAPULTING,  
COLORFUL  
FIGURE...  
ROBIN!

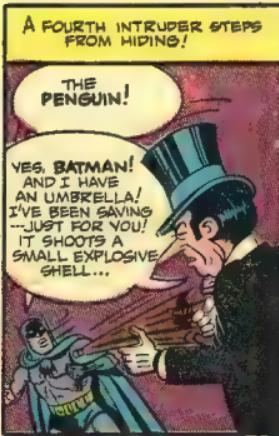
I'M GOING  
INSIDE  
TO PHONE  
THE POLICE!

SURPRISED?

A SPLIT-SECOND DISCARD OF  
OUTER CLOTHING... AND THE  
BATMAN CRASHES THE FRAY!

GOT TO KEEP MY  
IDENTITY A SECRET,  
SO...

DON'T PHONE THE  
POLICE, MR. WAYNE!  
ROBIN AND I SPOTTED  
THESE RATS PROWLING  
ABOUT AND WE CLAIM THE  
PRIVILEGE OF THE FIGHT!



THE WATER REVIVES THE THUGS, AND IN THE CONFUSION THEY ESCAPE TO THE LONE ELEVATOR!



LATER... BACK AT THE BIRD HOUSE...



THE PENGUIN EXPLAINS...



BUT... THERE ARE NO SECRETS FROM THE EARS OF THE NIGHT... THE BATMAN.



THE DAY OF THE OUTBOARD STEEPELCHASE RACE THAT A CERTAIN DRIVER IS DESTINED NEVER TO SEE!

OH-H-H!



LATER...THE BOATS JOCKEY INTO THE STARTING LINE... AND THEN... THEY'RE OFF... AT SIXTY MILES PER HOUR!



EAD! THE BATMAN... SUBSTITUTING FOR OUR MAN!

FROM A CAR ON SHORE, THE PENGUIN SPIES A FAMILIAR FIGURE!



AND INDEED IT IS THE BATMAN WHOSE CRAFT LEAPS HIGH OVER THE SLANTING PLATFORM FOR THE LEADING JUMP!



HOLDING THE SCANT LEAD, THE OUTBOARD ROCKETS OVER CHOPPY WATERS... THROUGH THE NEXT HAZARD... A SHEET OF ROARING FLAME!



ON WHIP THE BOATS, AT A MILE-A-MINUTE CLIP... 'ROUND HAIR-PIN TURNS... OVER MORE JUMPS THEN... THE FINAL HAZARD,



C'MON, BATMAN!

THE PENGUIN WON'T LIKE TH- UH? A BULLET!

AT THE FINISH LINE... A BULLET DRILLS PAST THE BATMAN AND SMASHES INTO THE WOOD!



YOU'LL GET HURT! THEY'RE OUT TO KILL... AND BESIDES... ER, THE BOAT CAN ONLY CARRY ONE PERSON!



THE BATMAN'S BOAT BULLETS THROUGH A BRICK WALL... TO WIN!

AN INSANE CHASE BEGINS!  
RACING PARALLEL ALONG THE  
FAMOUS VENETIAN ISLANDS  
...A POWER-CHARGED CAR...  
AND A ROARING OUTBOARD—  
WITH A MADCAP LAD RIDING  
A SWAYING SURFBOARD!!



NOT LONG AFTER... EYES  
LIKE CHIPS OF BLUE STEEL,  
THE BATMAN STRIDES  
PURPOSEFULLY INTO THE  
BIRD HOUSE.

TALK!  
WHERE HAS  
THE PENGUIN  
TAKEN THAT  
BOY? TALK  
OR...

I'LL  
TALK!  
THE KID  
IS AT A  
DESERTED  
BARN AT...

BUT AS BUZZARD TELLS THE ADDRESS...

NO, DON'T  
GO! YOU'LL  
BE KILLED!  
THE PENGUIN  
IS USING  
THE BOY TO  
LURE YOU  
INTO A TRAP!

WHY...  
YOU  
SQUEALING...

INSTINCTIVELY...THE  
BATMAN PUSHES THE  
GIRL OUT OF HARM'S  
WAY...AND...

PUT  
THAT  
GUN  
AWAY,  
OR...UGH!

THERE  
WERE SHOTS!  
YOU DIDN'T  
GET HIT?  
YOU'RE  
ALL  
RIGHT?

OF COURSE!  
YOU STAY HERE  
AND TIE UP  
BUZZARD! I'M  
GOING AFTER  
ROBIN... AND  
THE PENGUIN!

BUT THE BATMAN LIES! TWO  
LEAD BULLETS HAVE BORED  
INTO HIS BODY!

I'M HURT BAD,  
BUT I CAN'T STOP  
NOW! GOT TO  
GET ROBIN AWAY  
FROM THOSE  
KILLERS!

THERE IS A GRUMBLING  
ROAR/ LIGHTNING GLITTERS  
THROUGH HUDDLED BLACK CLOUDS  
...AND THEN THE SKY SEEMS TO  
OPEN UP!

MUSTN'T  
STOP!  
MUST GO  
ON!  
ROBIN!

RAIN POURS DOWN  
IN A SULLEN FLOOD ON  
A STUMBLING,  
LURCHING MAN HALF  
DELIRIOUS WITH PAIN...  
AND FEAR... FEAR  
FOR HIS YOUNG BUDDY!

I'M DROWNING!  
GOING UNDER THE  
RIVER...  
NO!... ONLY  
RAIN... RAIN GO  
AWAY!...  
ROBIN,  
ROBIN!

STAGGERING, CRAWLING,  
THE BLACK VEIL OF  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS  
CLOAKING HIS BRAIN,  
HE PUSHES  
HIMSELF ON...  
ON... ON...

GOT TO SAVE  
ROBIN... THEY'LL  
KILL HIM! ROBIN  
... GREAT LITTLE  
KID... ROBIN...  
ROBIN! ...

On... On... Until...

CAN'T SEE  
A THING  
IN THIS  
BLASTED  
RAIN!

DON'T WORRY!  
HE'LL COME!  
AND WHEN  
HE  
DOES...

YOU'LL  
DO  
WHAT?

BATMAN!

YES...  
ME... OR  
MY  
GHOST!





BUT AT THE HOSPITAL...

BUT WE  
CAN'T WAIT  
TILL A  
DOCTOR  
IS FREE!  
THIS MAN  
MAY  
DIE!

EVERY  
DOCTOR  
HERE  
HAS MORE  
SERIOUS  
CASES  
THAN HE  
CAN  
HANDLE!

THE  
HURRICANE  
CAUSED  
MANY  
CASUALTIES!  
WE'RE SO  
RUSHED!

ROBIN, WE  
CAN'T WAIT  
ANY LONGER!  
ONCE I WAS  
A DOCTOR'S  
ASSISTANT!  
PERHAPS I  
CAN PULL  
HIM THROUGH!  
ARE YOU  
WILLING  
TO LET ME  
OPERATE ON  
YOUR FRIEND?

ANYTHING  
YOU DO TO  
SAVE BATMAN  
IS OKAY  
WITH ME!  
BUT SAVE  
HIM...  
PLEASE!

INSTRUMENTS ARE BORROWED,  
AND IN A ROOM AS WHITE  
AS DEATH, A NIGHT CLUB  
SINGERS MANICURED FINGERS  
TOIL TO GIVE THE BATMAN  
BACK HIS LIFE!

AT LAST...FINISHED!  
THE NERVE-WRACKING  
TASK IS OVER.

WILL  
HE ...?

YES! HE'LL  
LIVE, ROBIN...  
HE'LL  
LIVE!

SOME TIME LATER...THE BIRD HOUSE.

A NICE  
HAUL,  
BUT WE  
BETTER  
START  
MOVIN'!

EYAD! WE  
HAD BETTER  
BEFORE THE  
BATMAN MAKES  
ANOTHER  
APPEARANCE!

THE BATMAN  
COULDN'T COME...  
SO I CAME IN  
HIS PLACE...TO  
CLIP YOUR  
WINGS!

AND AS THE  
BATMAN WOULD  
SAY "THAT  
GENTLEMEN,  
IS THAT!"

THE BATMAN'S PHYSICALLY  
PERFECT BODY RALLIES, AND  
THE NEXT MORNING HE  
AWAKENS, WEAK, BUT QUITE  
RECOVERED...TO FIND...

I JAILED  
THE OTHERS  
MYSELF,  
BUT I  
THOUGHT  
YOU MIGHT  
LIKE TAKING  
IN THE  
PENGUIN!

ROBIN, YOU  
MAKE ME FEEL  
BETTER ALREADY!  
BUT THE PENGUIN  
LOOKS A  
LITTLE  
SICK...  
EH?

CANARY, I'LL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU ALL MY LIFE! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR LIFE? ARE YOU GOING BACK TO THE RACKETS AGAIN?

NO, THAT'S ALL FINISHED! I'M GOING TO BECOME A RED CROSS NURSE! YOU KNOW... NOT SO LONG AGO...

ANOTHER WOMAN BECAME A NURSE, AND SHE HAD A BIRD'S NAME, TOO... NIGHTINGALE - FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!

THIS IS GOOD-BYE, BATMAN! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

THIS WASN'T MEANT FOR YOU, ROBIN. TURN AWAY!

TWO DAYS LATER... A WARY DUO ESCORTS A RIDICULOUS, LITTLE MAN TOWARD THE CITY JAIL...

JOVE, BATMAN! IT SEEMS THE GREAT PENGUIN IS CAUGHT GOOD AND PROPER!

AND HOW! PENGUIN, YOU'RE ONE BIRD THAT'S GOING TO BE A JAIL-BIRD FOR A LONG TIME!

Suddenly... THE PENGUIN IS TORN FROM THE BATMAN'S GRIP!

I REGRET I MUST TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM YOUR CHARMING COMPANY, BATMAN! HEE! HEE!

HEY!

SO SORRY. BUT THIS TRUCK TAKES NO PASSENGERS! HEE, HEE! AU REVOIR, BATMAN!

THAT TRICKY LITTLE BIRD BEAT US AGAIN! HE CERTAINLY COOKS UP A GOOD STUNT!

NOT ALL THE TIME! HIS BIRD HOUSE SCHEME LAID A BAD EGG! HE GOT TOO CARELESS THERE!

YES, THE PENGUIN WAS CARELESS! HE KEPT TRACK OF ALL THE FLYING CREATURES BUT ONE - THAT WINGED CREATURE OF THE NIGHT -

BATMAN,

OH, YEAH! WELL, WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M A BIRD, TOO. YOU PEOPLE SEEM TO FORGET THAT I'M A ROBIN!

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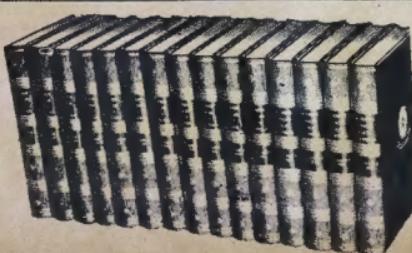
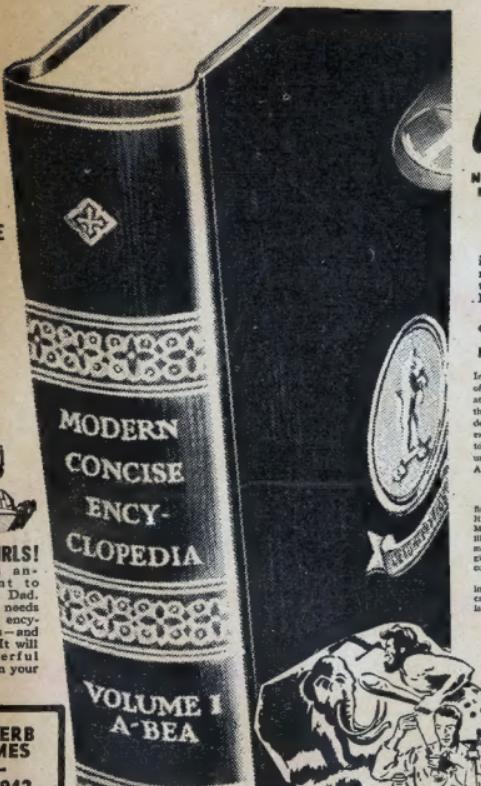
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